DOES AMERICA NEED A DICTATOR?

BY COLONEL E. M. HOUSE

Liberty

JAN. 7,
1933

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XII
Leslie Thrasher

WRITERS Attention!

$10,000 has been set aside for unknown authors

Another Great First Story Offer!

This Time Liberty Wants Serials

LAST winter LIBERTY weekly made an unprecedented offer to unknown writers. It set aside $5,000 with which to purchase short stories by writers who had yet to make their first mark in the world of fictional literature. In making this offer LIBERTY was simply expressing its faith in the rising generation of writers who are working so earnestly to attain success in their chosen field. And results proved LIBERTY'S faith to be amply justified, for through that offer a collection of amazingly fine stories was secured which during the months to come will delight the great LIBERTY reader audience and bring recognition to many aspiring but, until now, unknown writers who otherwise might have remained in obscurity for years to come.

Indeed, so thoroughly satisfied is the LIBERTY Editorial Staff with the results of last winter's "first story" campaign that it has been decided to make a similar offer this winter, except that instead of seeking short stories, this time we want novel-length stories suitable for publication in LIBERTY as serials—i. e., from 20,000 to 100,000 words in length, so plotted and written as to break readily into installments of about 7,000 words each.

A BASIC fund of $10,000 has been set aside with which to purchase the serial rights to such novel-length stories by unknown writers. Nor does LIBERTY restrict itself to an expenditure of only $10,000. More will be spent if sufficient stories of the length, form, and quality we seek are submitted.

Under this offer LIBERTY is willing to pay $5,000 for a single story and not less than $1,000 will be paid for any story accepted. Stories will be read by the editors of LIBERTY for literary quality, power to hold reader interest, and suitability for publication in LIBERTY in serial form.

Let your story possess the proper qualifications and the fact that you are unknown, instead of acting as a barrier to your success, *may mean the sale of your story and put you well on the road to literary recognition.*

On the other hand, LIBERTY insists on having quality for its money. It will not buy a single story that does not come fully up to its high editorial standard. To do otherwise would be to betray the confidence of the millions who read it every week.

So, if you are ambitious and really have talent, here is your glittering chance to crash the gates of fame. At least three and probably more aspiring writers will have the unutterable thrill of seeing their first novels appear in LIBERTY—out of darkness into sunshine at a single step—from the trough to the crest of the wave in the twinkling of an eye—from obscurity to fame as by the waving of a magic wand. Can you afford to miss this opportunity?

INSTRUCTIONS

You may submit as many manuscripts as you wish.

Clearly typed manuscripts, double spaced, are preferred, but manuscripts in pen and ink will be considered. Do not use thin tissue or onionskin paper. Printed material, poetry, penciled manuscripts, stories of less than 20,000 words, stories in a foreign language or submitted incomplete will be rejected upon receipt.

At the top of the first page record the total number of words in your story. Number each page.

Print your name and address on the upper right-hand corner of the first page and upon the envelope. Sign your full name and legal address in your own handwriting at the foot of the last page of your manuscript.

Address all manuscripts to LIBERTY FIRST STORY EDITOR, Lincoln Square, New York, N. Y. Send by first-class mail or express, flat. Do not roll.

No correspondence can be entered into concerning manuscripts once they have been submitted. Every possible effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts as soon as rejected if accompanied by proper postage or expressage when submitted, but Liberty does not hold itself responsible for such returns. Inclose return postage or expressage in the same envelope as the manuscript. Keep a copy of your manuscript.

This offer expires at the close of business Thursday, March 30, 1933.

The matter of eligibility is simple. The offer is open to anyone who never has had a book of fiction published, sold a serial of 20,000 or more words to a nationally circulated periodical or to a newspaper that syndicates its material. Nothing else will count against you. The fact that you may have sold stories, of whatever length, to your high-school or college papers or magazines, to a local newspaper, or even if you have sold an occasional serious article to a more pretentious publication does not disqualify you. But the editors of LIBERTY reserve the right to decide your status upon information you agree to furnish upon request.

IF you have manuscripts on hand of stories you feel are worthy of appearing in LIBERTY and which fall within the specifications set forth above, send them in at once. If you have the plot of such a story in your mind, write the story in full and send it in. There is no limit to the number of stories you may submit—no limit to the degree of success and fame you may gain through this opportunity.

All rights in such stories as are bought will be the property of LIBERTY, but any possible proceeds from book, picture, or dramatic rights will be divided with the authors on a fifty-fifty basis.

This offer is now open and will continue to be open until the close of business on Thursday, March 30, 1933. In submitting manuscripts be sure to follow the detailed instructions appearing elsewhere on this page.

TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THIS SPLENDID OPPORTUNITY

Liberty

America's Best Read Weekly

JANUARY 7, 1933 VOL. 10, NO. 1

> *"That this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."*
> —*Abraham Lincoln.*

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Cover by LESLIE THRASHER

Prize winners in the Wise-Crack Contest —Why Did the Chicken Cross the Road?— will appear in next week's issue.

WILL GREED DESTROY OUR COUNTRY?

We all decry war. It is hateful and horrible!

We then go into the business of murdering our fellow men. The excuse is, "Kill or be killed," and it may be commendable—in a few instances.

There is one phase of war that is laudable to the last degree—a dominating spirit of kindliness and helpfulness; friendliness to one and all permeates the entire nation, our enemies not included.

We work together. We are actuated by a keen desire to be useful in a sanctified cause. The almighty dollar is brought down to a common level; it is made to work for its own security.

Men are men! High or low, rich or poor, they all work shoulder to shoulder for a common aim.

And when we look back at the World War and remember how this nation struggled as a unit, stirred by heroic enthusiasm with the high ideal of making this bloody contest a war to end war, we are thrilled beyond measure.

And when Armistice Day made the people everywhere drunk with joy, when the crowd mingled in tumultuous exultation, there was a spirit of fervid appreciation, of undying gratitude permeating every human soul.

But victory had hardly been acclaimed before our hearts began to harden. Money was flowing freely. Wages were high; workers did not have to hunt for jobs—the jobs hunted them.

And with too much money avariciousness comes into being. Greed sits in the saddle. The more you get the more you want.

And before much time had elapsed we were hypnotized by a money-getting mania, and the feeling of good-fellowship, kindliness and friendliness toward our fellow men, began to slowly disappear.

Luxurious living is ruinous individually and nationally. It fattens the body, softens character, and hardens the heart.

The depression was our punishment. And although it has taught millions of our citizens much-needed lessons, the almighty dollar has again been elevated to a high position.

Greed for gain is still a dominating, devastating force. Loyalty, honesty, and dependability are often compelled to take a back seat. We have sold our soul to the money changers. Character, the rigid principles of devoted allegiance to high purposes, are often noticeable by their absence. Racketeering has become a part of many businesses.

And unless our great country can again learn the lessons of constancy and fidelity, and straightforward adherence to the ideals that builded our citizenship of the past, we are doomed to certain decay and oblivion.

Where is the old-time American spirit? Has our backbone become wabbly? Or are there enough citizens of character in this nation to rise in their might and smite the Gorgon horror, Greed, that is sapping the vitality of the race?

The "new deal" that will soon be in power in Washington has an opportunity to reclaim much that we have lost, though there are terrifying responsibilities to be encountered.

But the courage of our new executive has never been questioned and we are all hoping that he will solve the problems before him with constructive efficiency.

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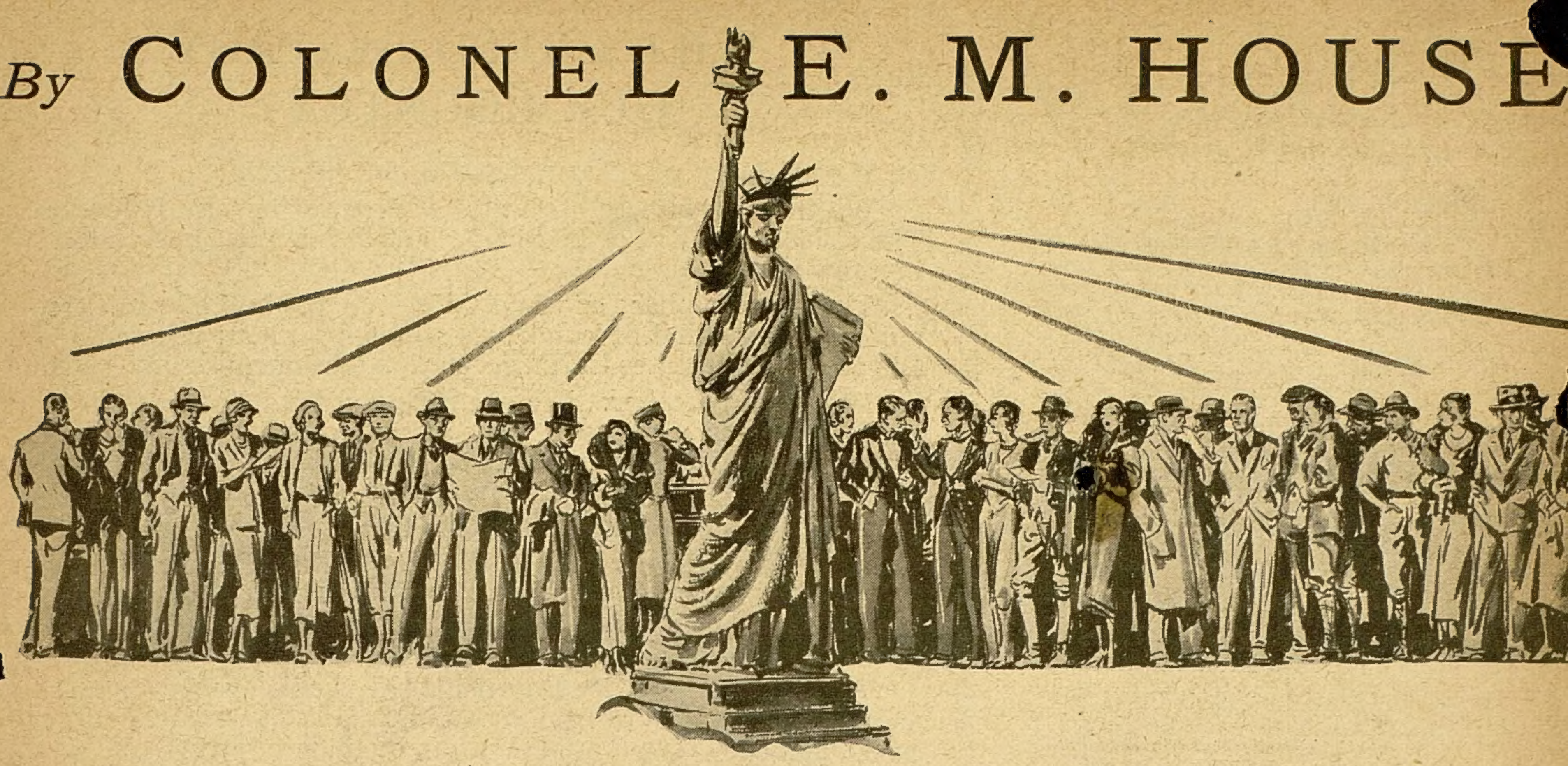
By COLONEL E. M. HOUSE



Does America Need a Dictator?

(Reading time: 8 minutes 50 seconds.)

IN 1911 I wrote a book entitled Philip Dru, Administrator. It came in for considerable discussion, favorable and unfavorable. It was, in fact, a semipolitical novel showing how a dictator seized the government of the United States and anticipated Mussolini by a number of years.

The result was a success, a fictional success, just as Mussolini's venture is considered by some a failure and by others a success.

During these unhappy days when the whole world is turned upside down there is much foolish and revolutionary talk going everywhere, and some of it has come across the Atlantic to us.

When things go well everyone is contented and perfectly willing to have existing conditions continue in force. When things go badly the reverse is true and dissatisfaction is just as widespread. And so it is today. In the mellow years of '28 and '29 there was no dissatisfaction with the Congress or the Senate, with the President or with the different executives throughout the country. But when the tide turned an unreasoning and in most instances unjust criticism became prevalent. Just as things were satisfactory then, so are things equally unsatisfactory today. All kinds of rumors are rife, many of them evil, and there is not a hard-luck story going the round that is discredited.

It is all very well to outline a dictatorship as was done in Philip Dru, for conditions can be made to meet requirements, with the result that the overthrow of the regular government seems worth while. But let it be remembered that when illegal means displace law and order, even temporarily, there is no telling what the end will be. If all goes well it may turn out as it did in Philip Dru or, in a limited way, as it has turned out in Italy. On the other hand, it may result in what followed the overthrow of the French dynasty in 1792 or in Russia in 1917.

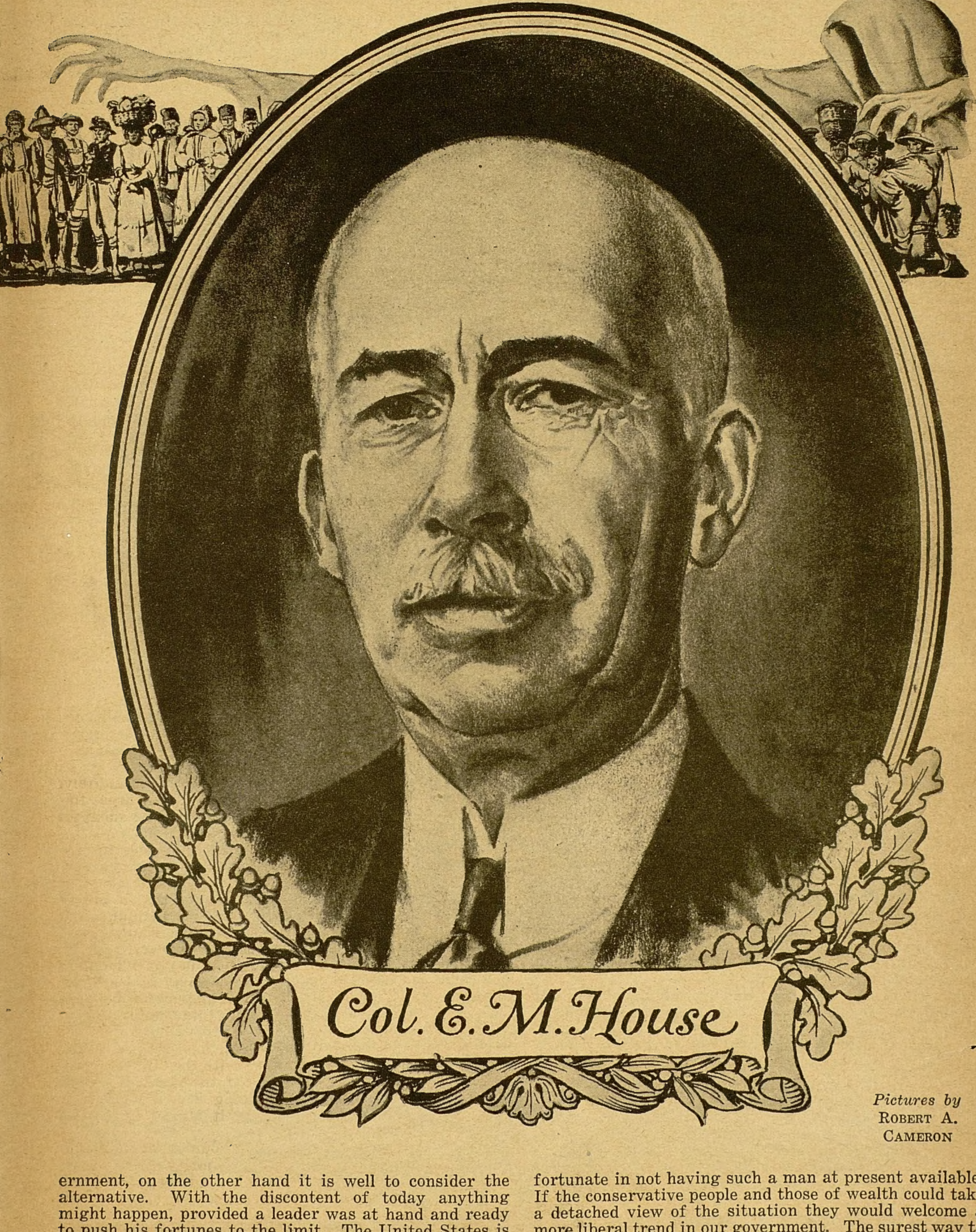
It is well for the American people to consider the alternative of a change of government, and it is also well for them to consider the tremendous amount of dissatisfaction that is prevalent today. If our government could be rearranged, I think it could be improved in many particulars to meet present conditions. Its want of flexibility is one of its great defects. It is too rigid and it is too difficult to bring about needed reforms. Sometimes in haste we commit ourselves to certain policies, and later when it is found that they do not work as planned it is next to impossible to rectify them.

Take the Eighteenth Amendment, for instance. That was proposed and carried through with the highest intentions. Very few will contend that the result has been as hoped for. Those now opposing it and wishing it annulled or amended have found it almost impossible to do so.

It is easier in almost any other country in the world to make such changes, provided a majority of the people are in favor of them, and in almost any country a test could be made as to whether a majority favored the changes proposed.

While we must admit this defect in our system of gov-

A Warning to Selfish Wealth and Narrow-Minded Politicians to Uplift Our Capitalistic Civilization



Pictures by
Robert A.
Cameron

ernment, on the other hand it is well to consider the alternative. With the discontent of today anything might happen, provided a leader was at hand and ready to push his fortunes to the limit. The United States is fortunate in not having such a man at present available. If the conservative people and those of wealth could take a detached view of the situation they would welcome a more liberal trend in our government. The surest way to bring about revolution is to go to the extreme of reaction. It brought about the revolutions in France and Russia, and could bring it about in the United States, provided the present depression continues and if there is rigid conservatism.

In the year 1890 Governor Hogg of Texas led the liberal element in that state against a strong reactionary force consisting largely of organized wealth. Stories were printed, speeches were made, dire predictions in the event of his success were prevalent. Governor Hogg won by a large majority; and while liberal laws were enacted and a curb put upon railroads and corporations, the result was so beneficent to both the people and corporations that other states as well as the national government followed Texas.

As a rule the conservative and well ordered element of a state allow revolution to drift upon them. They never know and never believe that trouble is imminent until it breaks, and oftentimes it is then too late to do anything. We might as well look conditions in the face now, for unless a change for the better in economic conditions comes we are almost certain to have trouble. Just how serious the trouble will be depends upon those in power and on how wisely they meet the situation.

It must be remembered that while the revolutionary leader is not in sight at the moment, he might appear overnight. Many things may precipitate a crisis, and once upon us it might get beyond control. Everyone realizes that there is no reason in mob psychology.

There is to be found considerable sentiment favorable to a Mussolini sort of dictatorship in conservative circles in America. The thought is that Congress with its inefficient methods would be superseded by more direct action. This is well enough, provided the man in control is a beneficent dictator—but how few such men are to be found! One can theorize, but as soon as a dictator is accepted then the popular will is a thing of the past and must yield to the whims and ambitions of one man or a group of men.

Italy has such a government now functioning under the able and courageous Mussolini; but it is a question whether he would get a vote of confidence if the people had an opportunity to express their opinion in an election free and unhampered. This may be said in spite of the fact that he has the friendship of both the King and the Pope. He has the army back of him and it is probable that he will continue in power until his death but unlikely that he will be able to name his successor.

IF we are to have a dictator our people and institutions of wealth would like him to be of the Mussolini type. However, he is more likely to be of the type of Lenin. That, for obvious reasons, would not suit them at all.

It is footless to say that this or that cannot happen. Anything may happen in times like these. The minds of our people are in a ferment, and things which we would have declared impossible a few years ago are in actual process of coming about. One of the causes of unrest is the almost complete lack of confidence in our political and financial leaders. It is an unfortunate state of affairs, but unhappily it is one that actually exists. And there is good reason for it. The theories and the predictions that have been made and the advice that has been given seem incredible in the light of subsequent events. In consequence there are but few political and financial anchorage spots left.

So wrong have been our leaders, self appointed and selected, that the man in the street feels as competent as anyone to advise on all measures relating to investment and taxation. He also feels that his suggestion regarding what is needed to bring about a recovery is as worthy of consideration as anyone's. The pillars of faith are shattered and there is but little left to uphold the temple in which our capitalistic civilization is sheltered.

In such circumstances the thing to do is for our strong men, if there be any left, to get together, regardless of party and regardless of former financial jealousies and rivalries, and formulate plans which, in the very nature of the harmony proposed by such an aggregation of men, will inspire confidence. Something like this was done in England, and the beneficial effect was immediate. The leaders of all parties and the financial powers of the Empire recognized that they had to come together in self-protection or perish separately.

Our political and financial leaders should likewise quit bickering, quit trying to take advantage of their opponents, and work for the common good. Let us show the world that we can carry on. Let us prove that our theory of government is sound; that we need neither a Lenin nor a Mussolini to lead us into strange and unfamiliar paths; that Washington, Lincoln, and Wilson are still our inspirations and guides.

WE might as well accept the fact that one of those unusual periods is upon us which now and then come in the progress, or evolution, of human affairs. There is nothing we can do about it once we are foolish enough to drift into it.

There is no reason to believe that we can work our way back into what we are pleased to call the normal, except by yielding our prejudices and sacrificing many of our preconceived ideas as to what is right and what is wrong.

It is improbable that the old order can be brought back, or that it would be for the best interest of the younger generation to have it as it was. Under the old order every day we were drifting further into a sordid, materialistic condition of affairs in which the spiritual element was almost wholly lacking. And, after all, the human race cannot be said to be making any real advancement unless the progress is along spiritual lines. This crisis gives us an opportunity of which it is to be hoped we will take advantage. If we wish to continue our capitalistic civilization we must make it less selfish and broader in its general scope.

A capitalistic civilization is the only kind we understand, and there is no need for us to drift into strange ventures such as the Russians are not too successfully trying at present.

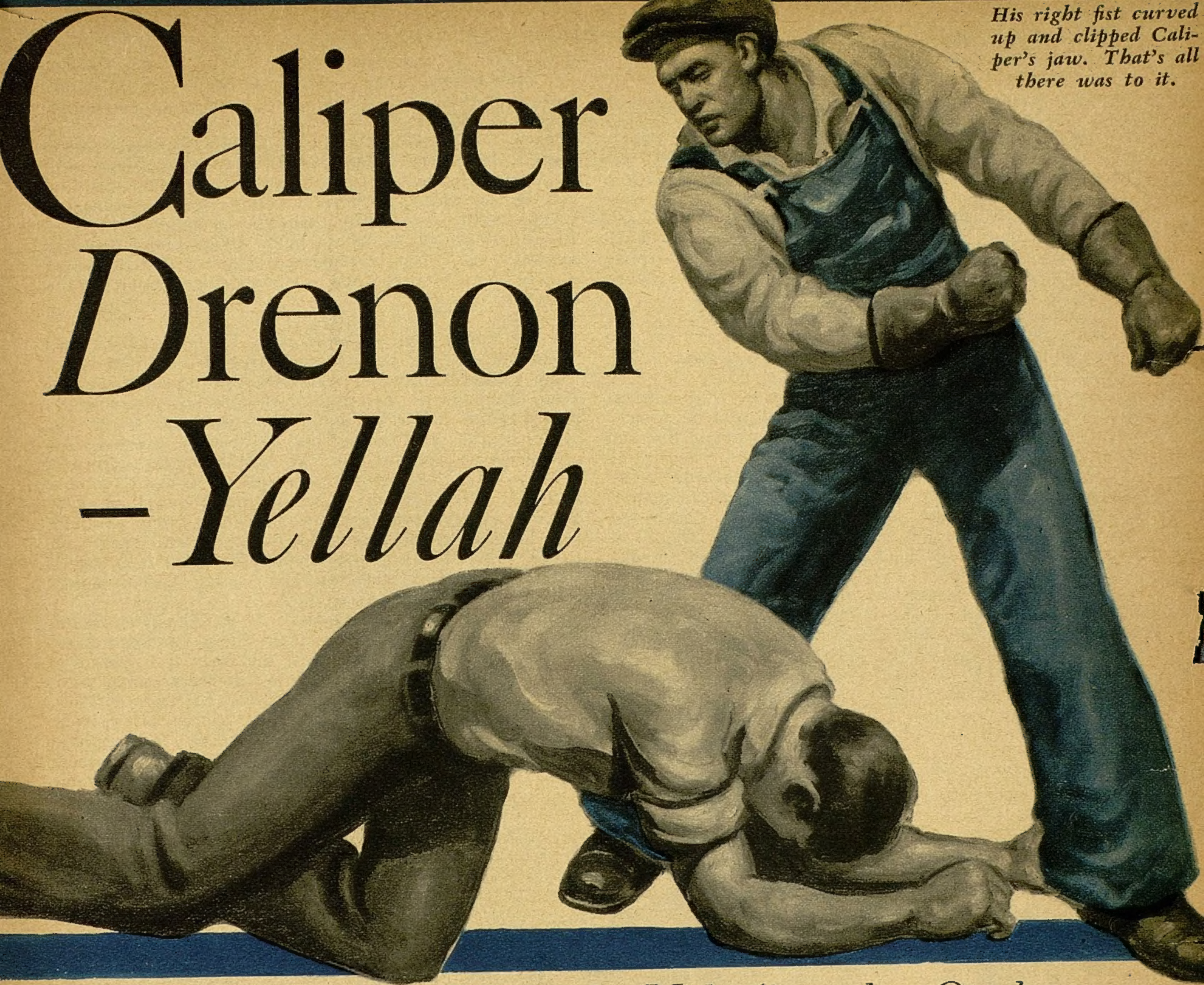
And yet, if we do not endeavor to improve conditions, so that in the future the general purpose will be higher than it has been in the past, the danger of a Lenin dictatorship will become more and more imminent.

The coming generation should be taught to think less of self and more of the common good. This will accomplish two purposes. It will add to the spiritual advancement of the individual and, in consequence, make his life happier and better worth while, but it will also improve the condition of the state and make it a better place in which to live.

The depression with its consequences has been bad enough without letting it go by without reaping some advantage from it. In the wild and hectic days just passed nothing could be accomplished along the lines indicated; but something worth while may now be done if a combined effort is made to lift our civilization to a higher level. It may well be that future generations may look upon these evil days as the turning point in our national life and be grateful for the opportunity given us to go forward in the right direction.

THE END

Caliper Drenon —*Yellah*



His right fist curved up and clipped Caliper's jaw. That's all there was to it.

The Story of a Drama in Mid-Air and a Grudge That Was Settled With Glory

(Reading time: 21 minutes 56 seconds.)

By

FRANK KNOX HOCKMAN

Pictures by MORTIMER WILSON, JR.

WHEN "Caliper" Drenon got out of the hospital and came back to resume his job as "gun man" on the Ganvel riveting crew, he got about as much consideration as a toy whistle would get in a fog at sea. "Brass" Ganvel's hard, freckled face went purple with anger at sight of him, and his blue eyes narrowed to mere slits. He jerked his battered felt hat off his mop of flaming red hair and tossed it at Caliper's feet with a chip-on-the-shoulderish flourish.

"Come back t' work on my gang!" he roared against the clatter and bang of a dozen riveting guns. "You? Not by a damsight! Y'ain't lettin' no more hammer pins fly outa rivet guns an' dang near kill y'r bucker. Not on this gang y'aint, young fellah. It's a darn' lucky thing f'r Tommy Breen that we was on'y one floor up when y' knocked him loose. But it's a damn' shame we wasn't thirty floors up when you fell. Y're too blame' careless t' work f'r me. An' y're yellah, or you'da caught Tommy 'fore he slid off'n that girder. Nossir! There ain't no job on th' Ganvel gang f'r you."

"Wait a minute, Brass!" Caliper's voice was a bit husky. His thin young face and his big hands were white with six weeks of hospital pallor. His blocky, powerful frame was so gaunt that his clothes hung baggily. He stood with his feet spread apart, so that his widely bowed legs looked more than ever like a pair of outside calipers. "Hold on! I'm admittin' that th' pin outa my hammer knocked Tommy loose, but I'm not admittin' that I didn't try t' save him from his fall. I got this fractured skull when I lost my own footin' tryin' t' save him, as you know dang' well. An' I ain't lettin' no red-headed liar call me yellah, neither."

Wham! Caliper's right fist whipped out with a roundhouse punch that thudded solidly on the side of Brass's head. His left followed it with a straight jab at Brass's nose. Brass let out one yell of rage, then bored in. Left, right, left he planted in quick succession to Caliper's head, plexus, and heart, taking one light smack to the mouth in return. Then his right fist curved up with a short hook and clipped Caliper's jaw. That's all there was to it. Caliper's weak knees buckled. He fell straight forward on his face.

Probably, if Caliper Drenon had been made of ordinary human clay, the combination of a scarcely healed skull fracture and that knockout would have been sufficient to put him back in the hospital, if not in the morgue. But Caliper's clay was mixed with pieces of rock and parts of steel. When he struggled out of his coma, some three minutes later, Brass and his gang had already gone topside, and Caliper found himself alone, except for a grinning hook man, who had witnessed the fight, watching him from the foot of the hoist shaft.

"Brass told me t' tell y' that him an' his gang was up on th' thirty-fourth floor if y' wanted some more," the hook man announced. "But if I was you I'd call it a day. Safer."

Caliper pulled himself to his feet. He ran one hand exploringly over the long red scar that crossed his head. His heavy black brows drew together in a deep frown. After a moment, without a word and without a backward glance, he turned and stamped heavily away.

That night, in company with a "bo" he met at the freight yards, Caliper squeezed himself into the ice compartment of an empty refrigerator car, K. C. bound.

Six days later he woke up in the Cleveland General Hospital. On top of his fractured skull and his knockout, the ride in the jolting refrigerator car had finished him.

They turned him out of the hospital as soon as he could walk, and he got a job on the new union station, catching rivets for the "Bottle" Torkey gang. He lasted one hour. Bottle caught him just as his head began to whirl and things went black, in the nick of time to save him from a hundred-foot fall. They gave him a job, bottomside, hooking structural steel off delivery trucks. He managed to hold that for ten days, and was getting back in shape when "Red" Feeney blew in from the Big Town. Three hours later a scowling foreman tapped Caliper on the shoulder.

"Git y'r time, fellah." The foreman jerked his thumb toward the office. "We don't want no gang outlaws on this here job."

In K. C., Caliper "bucked" for the "Shanks" Burton gang. One week. Then Jake Patton drifted along with old news. Omaha treated him better. He held a gunning job on the Third National for three weeks before the story caught up with him. But the foreman of the Bear River bridge job in Idaho knew about him before he arrived. At Frisco he tried in disgust to join the navy. But his legs betrayed him—or stood his friends, as the case may be.

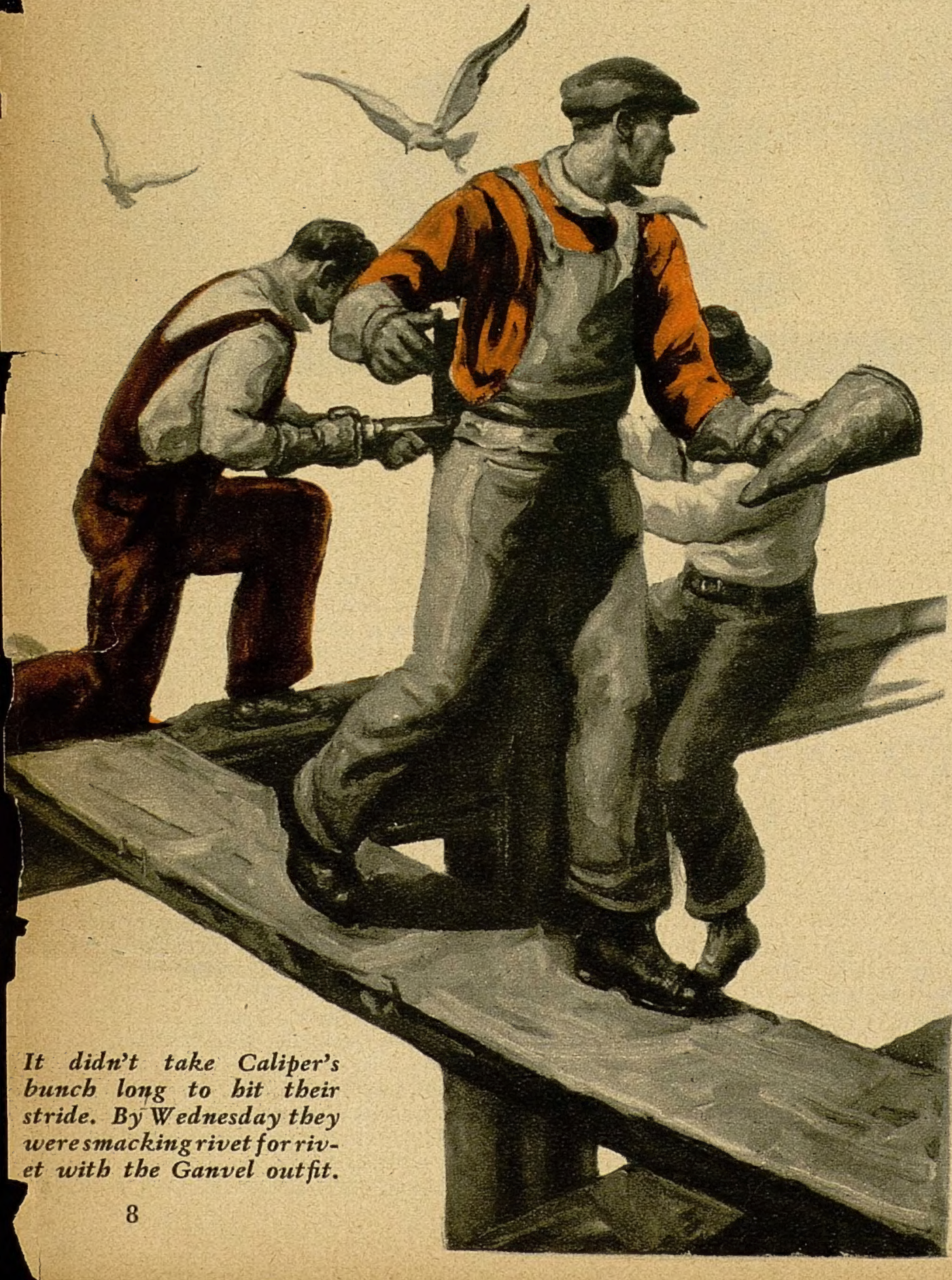
IN the time that had passed since his fight with Brass Ganvel, Caliper had changed from a happy-go-lucky "sky walker" into a driven, harassed outcast from his kind. He had run the gamut of hurt, resentment, and expected rebuff, and at last had reached the point where the ladder starts. But Caliper had also become imbued with a purpose—a dual purpose. To set his foot again on the ladder. To get even with Brass Ganvel. Caliper's gaunt, hungry-looking face drew into grimmer lines—he actually was hungry, too, hungry for food and hungry for his own kind—and his gray eyes narrowed and hardened. Brass Ganvel had been responsible for the double tag of "yellow" and "careless worker" being tacked to his name, had made him a gang outlaw.

In the structural-steel game, as in all other trades and professions, there are certain cliques and combines that stand out from the ordinary. Among these was the riveting crew of Brass Ganvel. Brass himself heated for his gang. His rivets were always brought to just the proper white heat for efficient driving. His skill at tossing them, sparkling and spitting, across, up or down, to the can of "Spider" Diehl, the catcher, was little short of marvelous. Coolly poised on the four-inch top of an I beam, it made no difference to Spider whether ten feet or a thousand of open air yawned below him. He snatched the hot rivets out of the air with the perfection of an electric magnet, and he socked each one into the hole indicated by Tommy Breen with a single sweeping reach of his long tongs that never missed. Like a flash, Tommy would smack his dolly against the rivet, to seat it firmly, and "Bull" Ferris would cut loose with his air gun. Bull was the regular gun man of the Ganvel gang. He had been laid off with a carbuncle on his red neck—that was how Caliper came to gun for the gang—and didn't return until a month after Brass's emphatic rejection of Caliper's further services. Once reunited, the four men made a team hard to beat.

Having determined that his purposes in life were dual, it became necessary for Caliper to choose primary and secondary. It took only a short time. The ladder. First regain a footing of equality with the man who had driven him down.

Then revenge.

The first step in Caliper's program took the most time. He had to gather himself a gang that could defeat the cocky Ganvel bunch—either in driving rivets on the job, or in a man-to-man encounter off the job. It took him three months



It didn't take Caliper's bunch long to hit their stride. By Wednesday they were smacking rivet for rivet with the Ganvel outfit.

to get the heater and catcher he wanted, but when he got them he had something. What "Swede" Tollefson didn't know about heating rivets and tossing them to the spot where he wanted them could have been printed on a Lilliputian postage stamp. Swede was six and a half feet long, almost a yard wide, and the light floor planking of a heater's stage creaked ominously under his great weight. As a catcher, Caliper enlisted "Flash" Humbert. Flash had been a pugilist, a contender for the light-heavyweight crown, until he killed his second ring opponent. Then the boxing commissions barred him and he went steel way. The three—Caliper, who would gun for his own gang, Swede, and Flash—had to wait another month before they could start out. Then "Scar" Thrask, on whom Caliper had settled as his bucker, got out of the El Paso jail, where he was spending a six months' sentence for assault and battery. Scar made the quartet just about perfect.

Their first job as a unit must have made the angels weep. In four days the face of each of them presented a mask of solid black-and-blue contusions that marked the stages of their closer acquaintanceship. But then they settled down to business. In Duluth they hammered out "top gang" on a municipal job. Swede Tollefson personally rated "top hand" on the Stevens Hotel job in Chi. They left Indianapolis amazed.

Then, fifteen months after Caliper left New York in his refrigerator car, with their bags parked in a third-rate hotel and their union a thing that had survived and grown adamant, the gang reported for work on the latest great web of steel to tower dominantly over the skyline. And the first man Caliper Drenon's eyes lit on, as he stepped from the lift cage at the sixteenth floor, was Brass Ganvel. Caliper stopped dead. His eyes blazed with savage purpose. He now had ammunition to counter with. He let out a yell of protest that attracted the attention of every man on that floor level.

"Hey there, Pete!" he roared at the steel foreman. "Me 'n' my gang hired out here thinkin' this was a union job. We don't work with no scabs."

"Scabs!" With a handful of rivets Pete Donovan anchored a roll of blue prints he was studying and came hurrying forward. "Who'n'ell sez there's enny scabs on this here job?"

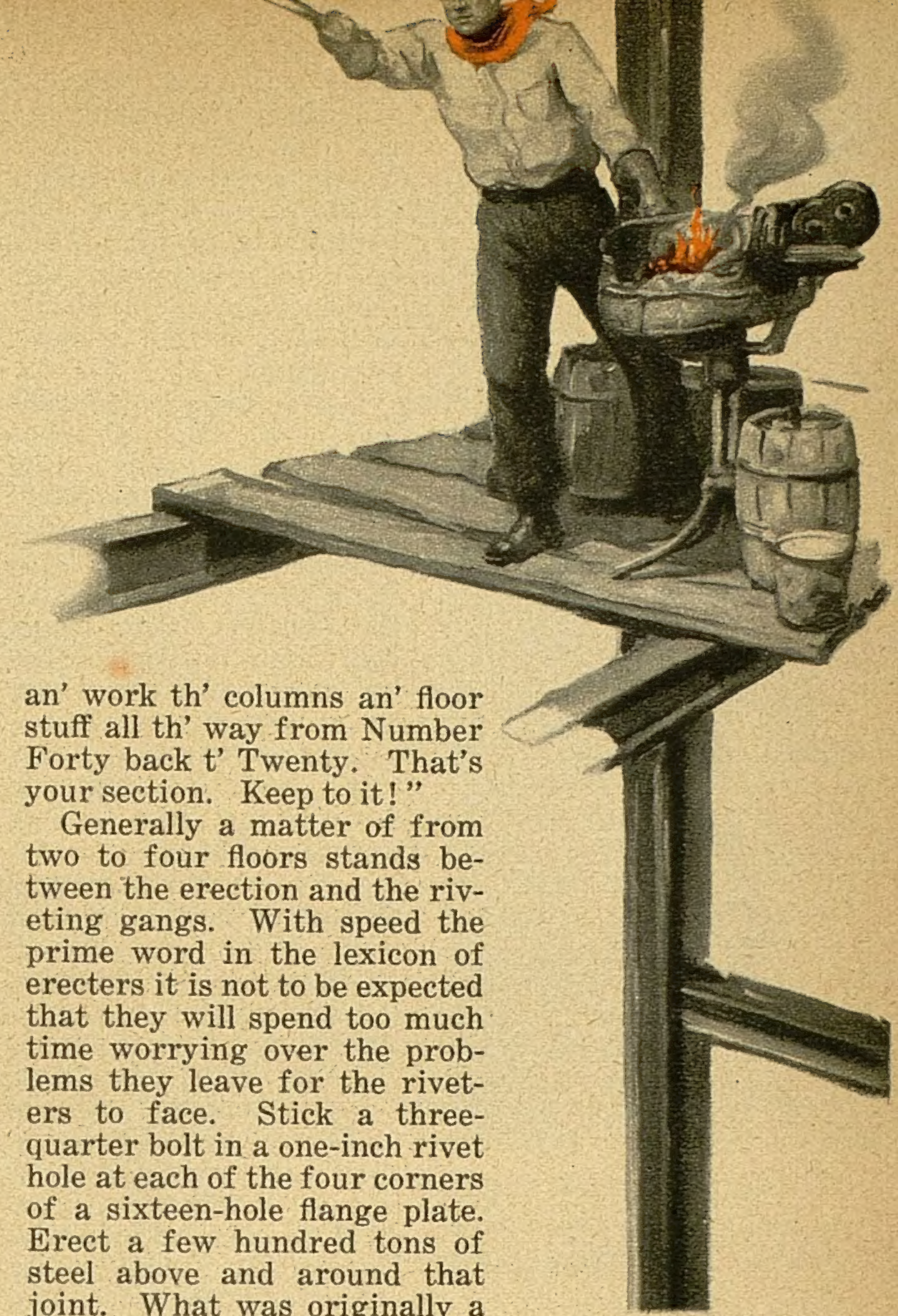
"I do." Caliper pointed an accusing finger at the scowling Brass Ganvel. "That gink there an' his gang worked on th' Exchange job out in Des Moines w'en th' hoistin' engineers was out on strike."

TO call a structural ironworker a scab is equivalent to dusting emery powder on his glass eye—the chafe grows sorer with time. Besides which, it puts him in the position of a defendant at a court-martial—he has to prove his innocence. Brass Ganvel knew all about this immutable law, and he was keen enough to realize that a mere display of anger wouldn't get him anywhere. Also, there was just enough actual truth in Caliper's accusation to make it awkward. The Ganvel gang *had* worked on the Exchange job in Des Moines for three hours before they found out that they were working with nonunion engineers. So before Caliper's accusation Brass was in about the same unenviable position as the chap who has had an unfortunate contact with a skunk. However, there was nothing to be gained by temporizing.

"Y're a damn' liar!" Brass shouted. "Me 'n' my gang all carries union cards, an' none of us ain't never had no fines. 'Sides which, we ain't never been called yellah, 'r been run off'n no job f'r causin' a guy we was workin' with t' take a fall. That's what this bird done. He's a yellah liar!"

Only the immediate intervention of the foreman and a dozen steelworkers who had assembled to hear the argument kept Caliper from throwing himself on Brass. But peace of a sort was enforced, and the foreman issued his ultimatum.

"This here's Wednesday," he announced. "Friday evenin' th' union local holds its reg'lar business meetin'. We'll settle this argument then. Meantime, you guys better pipe down 'r I'll bring charges of agitatin' on th' job ag'in' th' lot of ya. Ganvel, git back t' y'r gang. Drenon, take y'r bunch over yonder on th' east wing, an' work th' columns an' floor stuff all th' way from Number Forty back t' Twenty. That's your section. Keep to it!"



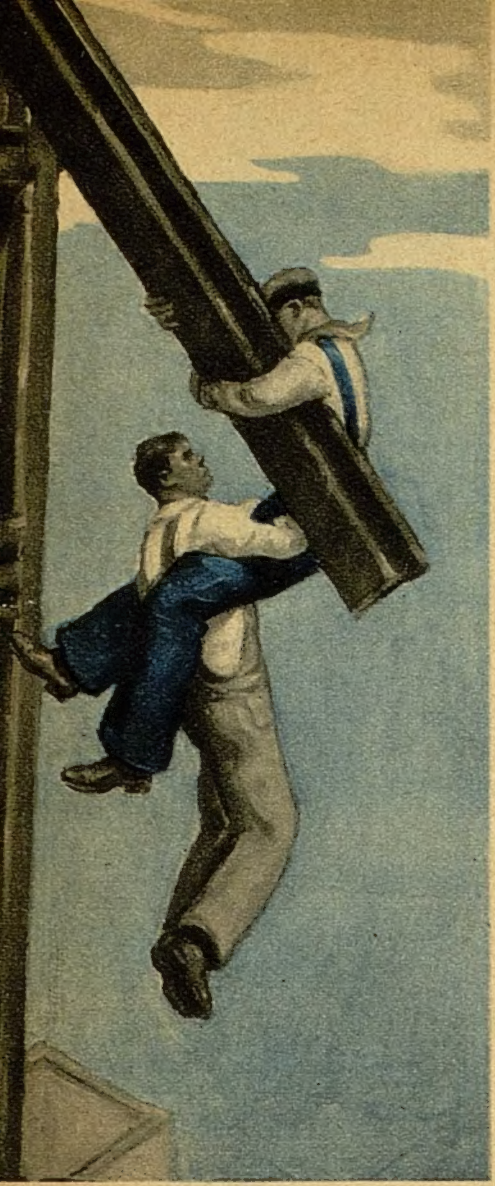
Generally a matter of from two to four floors stands between the erection and the riveting gangs. With speed the prime word in the lexicon of erecters it is not to be expected that they will spend too much time worrying over the problems they leave for the riveters to face. Stick a three-quarter bolt in a one-inch rivet hole at each of the four corners of a sixteen-hole flange plate. Erect a few hundred tons of steel above and around that joint. What was originally a fairly loose coupling becomes so tight and rigid that those stay bolts often have to be cut out.

The section to which Caliper and his gang were assigned was a wing which jutted out from the main body of the building a distance of twelve column gaps—one hundred and twenty feet—and was sixteen columns wide. Between it and the next identical wing lay twenty feet of open space, an air well, and on that second wing Brass Ganvel and his gang were working. Four stories above the two gangs, just over the air well's inner face, an erection crane was rigged. Trucks loaded with fabricated steel were backed into the well space at ground level and their loads lifted to the top of the building by the steel cable running over the long boom of the crane.

Not a particularly efficient manner of handling steel, via an air well, but made necessary for the outside stuff by reason of a city ordinance against swinging heavy loads over the street outside the building line.

There is nothing quite so disconcerting or nerve-rasping to a riveting crew as to have things dropping past them or around them while they work. A catcher, poised lightly on the narrow top of an I beam, facing inward, doesn't like to hear the whir or feel the wind of a hundred-pound sinker on the end of a hoisting cable as it drops past him on its downward way. Nor does he like to turn from catching a rivet just in time to see a swaying load of steel rise past him within a few inches. For, inured though he may be against the fear of high places, a steelworker isn't worth his salt if he becomes careless or for one minute forgets the ever-present threat of the ground waiting far below. Continued association with any danger, however, soon inspires a species of contempt that is closely associated with carelessness.

Quite naturally, with their social relationship determined and brought to an immediate focus by Caliper's accusation and Brass's countercharge, the two crews were on edge. The spirit of competition rose high. And the odds were in the Ganvel gang's favor, for they had been on the job since its start. But it didn't take Caliper's bunch long to hit their stride. By quitting time on



Slowly the girder began to rise. Would those arms hold? And those legs?

Wednesday evening they were smacking rivet for rivet with the Ganvel outfit. On Thursday there wasn't a difference of ten rivets in the driving done by the two crews. Then, on Friday morning, both gangs swung in on the air-well face of their respective wings.

For an hour it was neck and neck. Around them, above them, below, other riveting gangs, the erecters, and ground men snatched moments from their own work to watch the contest. Pete Donovan took a position where he could keep the two crews under constant observation. And as Pete watched his face changed, went grim. For he saw the men of both crews doing things that shattered all laws of safety and good sense. The foreman was on the verge of interfering and putting a stop to the thing. But the thrill of the race got him. Quietly, unobtrusively, he made his way out over the steel and tested the quality of the work. Every rivet was headed properly. None of them were loosely driven or overdriven. The work was being perfectly done. That let Pete out. The two teams would have to fight through to a finish.

Caliper Drenon was in his element. His bowlegs straddled an eighteen-inch I beam, his feet resting on its bottom flanges. His lips were drawn back from his white teeth in a wolfish grin. Sweat poured down over his face, trickled from the tip of his nose and the point of his chin. Deep, growling noises welled from his throat as he leaned his weight against the thunderously chattering hammer. His eyes burned with fervor. The game was good! Occasionally, with a second's respite, came the chance for him to look around, and his heart leaped afresh with the exultation of the fight. Pride in his gang filled him, and pride in himself as part of the gang.

Real top hands, every one of 'em, matching sweat drop for sweat drop with him, their faces reflecting his grin. His gang! Yes, he had made the gang. And he had made it for a purpose.

CALIPER shot a quick glance across the open well at the Ganvel gang. A surge of victory! The Ganvel outfit had fallen behind by one complete plate. Even now, Brass, Tommy Breen, and Bull Ferris were fighting a column flange, striving to drift some rivet holes into line before they dared rivet it. Caliper had 'em handicapped, was licking 'em at their own game. And why not? Where in all the world of smashing noise and rearing steel was there another gang that could compete with his? A feeling of condescension toward Brass and his crew came to life within Caliper. Doggone 'em! Look at 'em work! Almost as good as his own bunch. He hadn't oughta made that crack about them scabbing in Des Moines.

They didn't know— Bah! Brass Ganvel had called him yellah, had beat him up when he was weak. Damn Brass Ganvel! He'd have to swallow that "yellah" insult yet.

A rivet came singing from the forge, and clanked into Flash Humbert's can. Flash smacked it against a column to knock off the scale, and shoved it into a hole. Scar Thrask heaved forward with a grunted, "Gun!" and Caliper shoved his gun against the glowing end. But just as the hammer pin touched the rivet end Caliper jerked back. A terrific rending, crashing smash set the entire wing of steel to vibrating and twanging. A massive girder, insecurely hooked by the ground crew, had jerked one end free of its sloppy hitch, and that released end swooped downward in a giant arc of destruction. Like a Titan's battering-ram, the ton of steel crashed, end on, against a column twelve feet from where Caliper crouched, then it swung outward like the lash-tip of some colossal knout, insensate and merciless in its power to rend and smash and kill.

At that impact of the loosened girder, Flash Humbert was thrown off his balance and toppled over. Just in the nick of time, Scar Thrask dropped his dolly, dove for Flash's feet, and caught him. In the same split second Swede Tollefson let out a roar, deserted his forge, and sprang across a narrow stringer to assist his fellows. Caliper himself, lurching erect on his I beam, jumped forward to help Flash Humbert.

From across the well, amid the wild shouts of the Ganvel crew, came the unmistakable squeal and shriek of tearing steel. Knowing that his own men were safe, Caliper swung about and faced across the well to witness a sight that stopped his heart and curled the short hair on his neck.

THE Ganvel crew had just managed to get their refractory flange plate drifted into its proper place when the unleashed girder shot pendulumlike into their bay. Brass was alone on the outside beam when the crash came—was standing at the end held in place by only a single driftpin. Like a piece of rotted wood, that pin snapped under the lashing blow, and the beam on which Brass stood sagged at the freed end. Then, on its jerky backward swoop, the lashing girder swept the freed end of Brass's beam out into the air-well space. And there Brass hung, desperately clinging to the slowly sagging end.

The entire job went silent, tense, watching. It was a matter of seconds—three, two—until the overstrained erecters' bolts that held the one end of the displaced beam must give way. The signalman, having stopped the hoisting engine immediately when the girder slipped from its one grab, stood rigid, hands extended at his sides, confused, undecided what to do. On the ground a terrified truck driver leaped from the seat of his truck and went racing away from the spot where Brass and the beam would land.

Slowly, an inch at a time, as though the steel itself took a fiendish delight in torturing the man that clung to its upper face, the beam sank lower, lower, while from the bolted end came the ominous pistol-like reports of its weakening.

Caliper Drenon crouched on his own narrow foothold. His face was drawn, his mouth clamped tight, his hard eyes narrowed to mere slits. There was a chance—foolhardy and desperate, but a chance. The mighty pendulum was swinging across the well toward him. Ten feet separated it from where Caliper stood—eight—five. The pendulum slowed to a momentary stop, hung poised preparatory to starting on its return swoop. A gasp welled from the throats of the spectators. Caliper Drenon had leaped out into space.

As Brass swung away from the building line on his drooping perch, he realized the stark seriousness of his predicament. Inevitably the bolted end of the beam would tear loose, and he would drop the hundred and sixty feet to the ground like a plummet. But Brass Ganvel was not the sort of man to die without making a fight. Desperately he essayed to scramble up the steep face of the beam. His movements set the member to swaying more dizzily. It canted over on its side—a top bolt had sheared. Brass hung ten feet out from the building face, with no foothold for a leap to safety. But anything would be better than to ride that beam to the ground. He gathered himself on hands and feet, back arched like a great cat, to attempt a desperate leap that would mean life or death. He had no false ideas about his ability to clear those ten feet of open space. It was a desperate man's try. He crouched lower, every muscle flexed. Now! Brass let out a wild yell of terror and almost fell. Something had grazed him on the back, had caught him up. He was snatched roughly from his narrow beam and carried into space.

As a drowning man grasps at a straw, his hands clutched madly at the thing that had gripped him. His fingers closed on cloth—leather. Holding tight, and throwing back his head, he stared up at the straining figure of Caliper Drenon, who hung by crossed arms from the flange plate at the very bottom of the thrashing pendulum. Caliper's bowlegs, clamped around Brass's chest under the arms, held him with the grip of a vise.

"Leggo my feet, damn y'! Pull y'rself t'gether an' signal that fool t' pick-up." Caliper's voice was a snarling gasp. "Hurry!"

Slowly, carefully, so that not the least jerk might add to the burden of Caliper's strained arms, the girder began to rise—so slowly that to the silent, white-faced watchers it seemed to creep. Would those arms hold? And those legs? They were past the seventeenth floor, almost to the eighteenth, when Caliper threw back his head. A chill of death struck to the hearts of those who saw his face.

A ropelike vein twisted and throbbed in the center of his forehead. His lips were snarled away from tight-clenched teeth, through which his breath hissed in great, sobbing gasps. His shirt had been torn from his shoulders in his hurried descent of the whipping girder, and the white muscles of his arms and neck were ridged up in twisted folds. At the nineteenth floor his head once more sank forward, and the watchers knew that he was dragging at the last ounce of his reserve strength—just to hold on.

A foot—another, another. Caliper's one arm was seen to slide. Two more feet—another—and Caliper's hands were slipping across the top face of the flange, fingers clutching for the slightest grip on the steel that was made slippery with blood from his own torn forearms. Up, up, with the maddening deliberation of the hour hand in a death-cell clock—a grim tableau of stark endurance—the girder and its human freight crept aloft slowly, hesitated for a second, swung in.

AS though the inward swing of the boom switched off the electric current that held them in its grip, the crews surged. Disdaining ladders and scaffolds, they went direct from where they were like a tribe of the great apes answering the council call—as primitively elemental.

The gangs of Caliper Drenon and of Brass Ganvel monkeyed up the column lattices on either side of the air well. Within two seconds after Spider Diehl, the first to reach the top, Swede Tollefson, the last to hit the deck, arrived. For a second, the two gangs stood glaring at each other, then, moved by a single impulse, they swung to face the point where the girder had landed.

Caliper was spread-eagled on his back, his bare chest heaving as he gulped in lungfuls of reviving air. Kneeling beside him, Caliper's bloody right hand locked fast in his own, was Brass Ganvel—a Brass from whose hard face all feeling but admiration was wiped away. At a decent ten-foot distance the erection crew stood silently watching, their bodies swaying lightly to the whipping gusts of wind, their reckless faces reflecting Brass's admiration. A rangy, daring-eyed rigger broke the silence. Taking one step forward, he addressed the members of the two crews.

"This yere's as good a time as enny t' settle th' matters pendin' befo' t'night's union meetin'," he announced in a soft Texas drawl. "What y'all say? Brass accuses Caliper of bein' yellah. Caliper sez Brass's uh scab. Let's settle 'er right now."

For a moment things again went tense. Then Brass rose slowly to his feet, still holding tightly to Caliper's hand.

"Me, I'm a damn' liar!" he declared slowly and emphatically.

Caliper jerked himself to a sitting posture by a tug at Brass's hand.

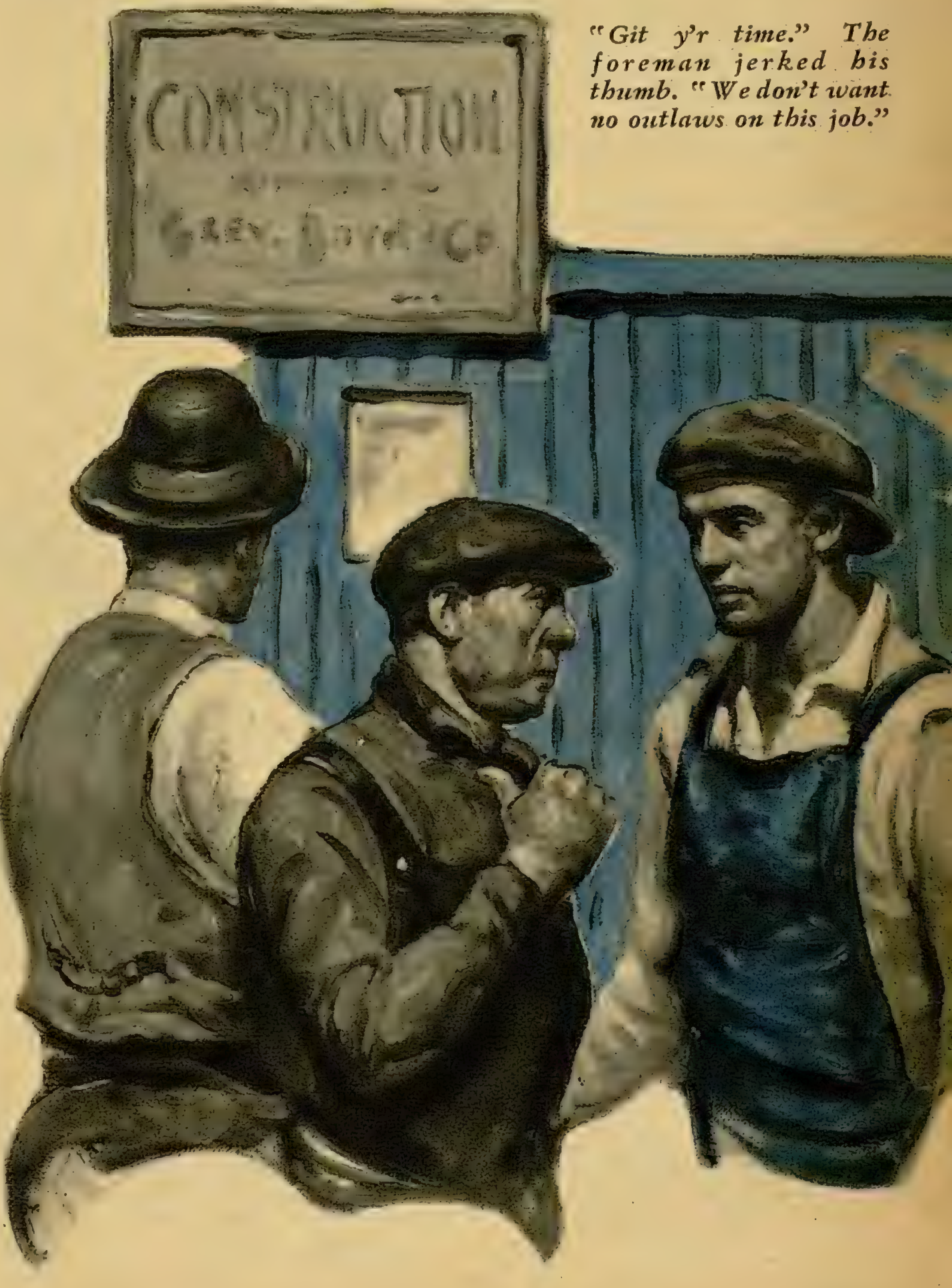
He stared around at the intent, pressing faces. Then he grinned boyishly.

"Me too!" He scowled. "These guys wasn't scabbin'."

"Fair enuff!" The rigger grinned delightedly. "Meetin's closed. Pair o' liars like you'ns shore oughta git along handsome t'gethah."

"Yeah!" Swede Tollefson's great laugh boomed out. "Git along. Dot's it. Haw! Brass, you take Caliper down und git dose arms fixed oop. Th' rest of us'll catch dot hobbyhorse you vos ridin' an' put 'im back. Den I'll heat f'r your gank till they catch oop t' us. Ve beat y' t'morrow, ennyhow."

THE END



"Git y'r time." The foreman jerked his thumb. "We don't want no outlaws on this job."

SHE WAS VON

A Woman Prisoner of the Celebrated Sea Raider Tells of Her Adventures Aboard His Ship

Count von Luckner, from a photograph presented by him to the Neilsons.

(Reading time: 8 minutes 30 seconds.)

EDITOR'S NOTE: Mrs. Neilson's story of her experiences as a prisoner of Count von Luckner on the Seeadler differs slightly from her famous captor's own account of the same happenings. But her version has abundant substantiation; and, as will be noticed, not only were she and her husband at the time on as good terms with Count von Luckner as was correct in the circumstances but today they are his personal friends. Her husband, Captain Campbell Neilson, is a marine surveyor in Portland, Oregon. In the winter of 1916-17 he was master of the bark British Yeoman. Mrs. Neilson went to sea with him when, on January 7, the bark left Buenos Aires. On February 26 it was captured by von Luckner and, all hands having been taken off, was sunk with bombs.

A FELLOW prisoner asked Count von Luckner what he would do if a British warship closed in on him.

"I would fight," he answered. "I would show them what kind of seamen we Germans are!"

All of us were aware of what such a situation would mean. We undoubtedly would be killed by shellfire or sent to the bottom with the Seeadler. But, of course, von Luckner did not want to meet an enemy fighting craft.

Campbell and I became quite well acquainted with our fellow prisoners in the officer quarters. We could walk about the ship at any time, except that we must not go down into the engine room or up on the poop unless invited by von Luckner himself. Campbell had brought off some bottles from the British Yeoman, and other prisoner captains made it a custom to gather in our large room. They would talk and laugh and sometimes sing. I would stay until the tobacco smoke became so thick I had to leave. We had not been aboard very long before von Luckner called Campbell up to his chart room one evening.

"How is it, Captain Neilson," he asked, "that you are all so quiet down in your room at night?—that there is no more loud talking and laughing?"

Campbell replied, "My liquor supply is exhausted."

"But I have plenty aboard," the count told him.

"But we haven't any money," he said.

The count asked how much British masters were accustomed to paying for whisky. Campbell told him that the price out of bond was about half a crown.

"Very good," said the count; "you may have it at that price and sign chits for it. I shall collect from your government after the war."

Both Campbell and I forgot to ask the count, when he was our house guest in Portland not so long ago, whether or not he ever collected.

At this time there were more than 250 prisoners on the Seeadler. The masters numbered seven, and among the crews there were Britishers, Frenchmen, Italians, Spaniards, Chileans, Norwegians, Swedes, Americans, Danes, Swiss, Malays, Chinese, Greeks, Turks, Portuguese, and others.

After an Allied ship had been sent to the bottom, the count and his officers celebrated, posting a double guard to watch us prisoners. One night while they were celebrating we heard a shot in the count's saloon over our quarters. For a moment we were quite startled. Then from above came roars of laughter. We learned that the prize officer had twitted the count about his pistol-shooting ability.

"You couldn't even hit my watch," the prize officer said, dangling the timepiece by its fob.

Quick as a flash, von Luckner jerked up his pistol and fired. The watch was shattered, while the prize officer's laugh gave place to a look of dismay.

The count was always most courteous to and as thoughtful as he could be of Mrs. Kohler, his other woman prisoner, and me. Everything was most orderly aboard the Seeadler and the ship was kept exceptionally clean. The captured crews were quartered below deck, hammocks being assigned to them. The single passage that led below was just wide enough to permit one man to enter or leave at once. Thus there could be no sudden rush of many men to overpower the count and his crew.

"I only need to press a button to asphyxiate all of you in two minutes," he told Campbell and other captains. Whether this was true or not, none of us ever knew.

He had a band aboard which played frequently. Always it was up on deck after a sinking, playing German songs, which irritated the Frenchmen aboard particularly. Captain Lecoq, master of the Antonin, which the Seeadler had sunk, decided to do a turn for his country. He was caught making sketches and notes of the Seeadler. He was hauled before von Luckner, who was blazing in anger. All the other prisoner captains were present.

"Instead of shooting you as a spy," von Luckner thundered, "I shall keep you aboard when the day comes to release you other prisoners!" During the rest of our days on the raider Captain Lecoq lived in misery.

At the time I thought my husband had a peculiar look for which I could not entirely account. Later, when we were safely ashore, I understood. Campbell had made complete rough drawings of the Seeadler's construction and rigging. He had them in his pocket when von Luckner caught Captain Lecoq. Later they were pieced together into completed blue prints and distributed to British fighting craft.

Captain Neilson as he looked in 1917, soon after his captivity.

LUCKNER'S CAPTIVE

By JESSIE NEILSON

As told to
HAROLD BRADLEY SAY

On March 7 von Luckner, all cordial and jocular, announced that on the following day we would cross the equator and that, in accordance with sea custom, Neptune and his spouse would board us for inspection and initiations. Shortly Smitty, the Seeadler's steward, came down to ask my assistance in making a wig out of some yarn. I recognized it next day crowning the head of Mrs. Neptune, who was Smitty himself.

Von Luckner and his crew were in high spirits next morning. They rigged out a great canvas tank on the main deck, and a wind sail—a long canvas tube.

When Neptune, decked out in all his royal regalia, came over the side accompanied by his wife, the pair were greeted with throaty *hochs* from those who had crossed the equator on previous occasions. About thirty of the Seeadler's crew never had, and a scattering of prisoners who were neophytes also had been rounded up as candidates for initiation.

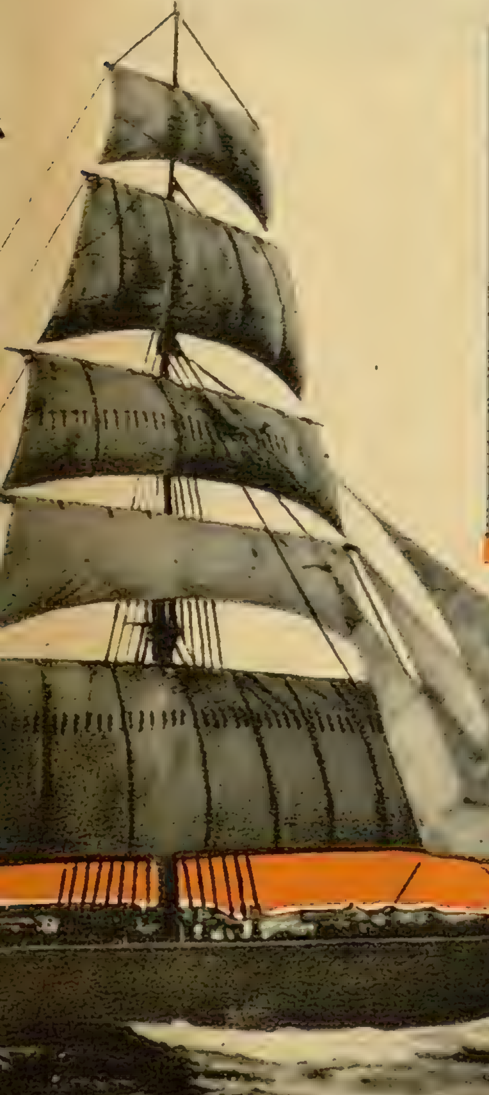
Swarthy hands swabbed the victims with tar, and a husky German applied a barrel-hoop razor. Next each candidate was thrown into the tank and made to squirm through the long wind sail. About the time he got well into it, a German at the far end turned a high-pressure fire hose on him.

One English boy determined he would not be hazed. He clambered high into the rigging. Then just as they were about to grab him there, he shot down a stay. He did this again and again, and he was not initiated.

Von Luckner enjoyed the proceedings immensely. Three days later, about ten o'clock in the morning, he sighted smoke. The steamer moved into the trap he had set for her, and proved to be the British ship Horngarth. The next thing she knew, the Seeadler's Norwegian flag dropped and the German ensign shot upward. Then her guns sent shells across the steamer's bows.

Von Luckner ran up a flag calling upon the Horngarth to surrender. Instead, she started to run for it. I could hardly keep from cheering. Silently we prisoners watched and prayed that she might escape.

Mrs. Neilson, author of this article, from a wartime photograph.



The British Yeoman as she was when von Luckner caught her, capturing the Neilsons.

Photo © G. E. Plummer

Just when we thought she was going to, a shell tore into her engine room. Great clouds of steam surged from her decks. We saw a white flag flutter upward.

Von Luckner ordered firing stopped.

Moments later, the Horngarth, still running fast, started to swing. Around and around she came until she was headed bow on toward the Seeadler. The count thundered out commands. The gunners resumed firing. Their shells ripped into her.

Then in some way the count guessed what had really happened: that the Horngarth was disabled and out of control. He stopped firing. While she was still circling about aimlessly, von Luckner got off his launch with a boarding crew.

It had scarcely made fast alongside the Horngarth before it started back toward the Seeadler. In it lay one of the steamer's apprentice boys, terribly wounded by a bursting shell. His face was torn, his eyesight was gone, and he was injured about the back of the head. The boy's name was Douglas Page. He was just sixteen years old. It seemed so cruel that he should be the only one to die in all von Luckner's raiding.

VON LUCKNER was greatly distressed. He ordered him taken to his saloon, where the doctor made immediate preparations for operating, and he insisted that Campbell and Captain Stainthorpe, master of the Horngarth, go below to witness the operation.

The doctor worked and watched over the boy hour after hour, but he grew steadily worse. At 2 A. M. he died.

There was no celebration after that sinking. Few who assembled next morning for the boy's burial will ever forget the scene. It tore my heart.

At 11 A. M. von Luckner assembled his officers on one side of the poop, and us on the other side.

Draped in the British ensign, the body of Douglas Page lay between these two groups. It was hard to look at it lying there so small and still.

Von Luckner had placed a little table just aft of the body. On it were an open Bible and lighted candles.

The count was very troubled of face.

No one spoke. Mrs. Kohler and I could not keep back our tears, nor could many of the men.

Count von Luckner moved over close to the little table. He spoke in faltering English.

"In life this boy was my enemy," I remember him saying. "In death he is a brother."

He paused, picked up the Bible and read the Lord's Prayer in German. Then he nodded to men who moved alongside the body. They lifted it gently across the rail. In German the count spoke the words of commitment. As he finished the last word, the dead English boy wrapped in the flag of his country was lowered into the sea. As the water closed over him, the Seeadler's band sounded taps, the saddest and most beautiful I have ever heard. I could not sleep that night.

Douglas Page was given to the sea on March 12. Five days later von Luckner caught another ship, the French bark Cambronne. He assembled us all on deck and addressed the prisoner captains.

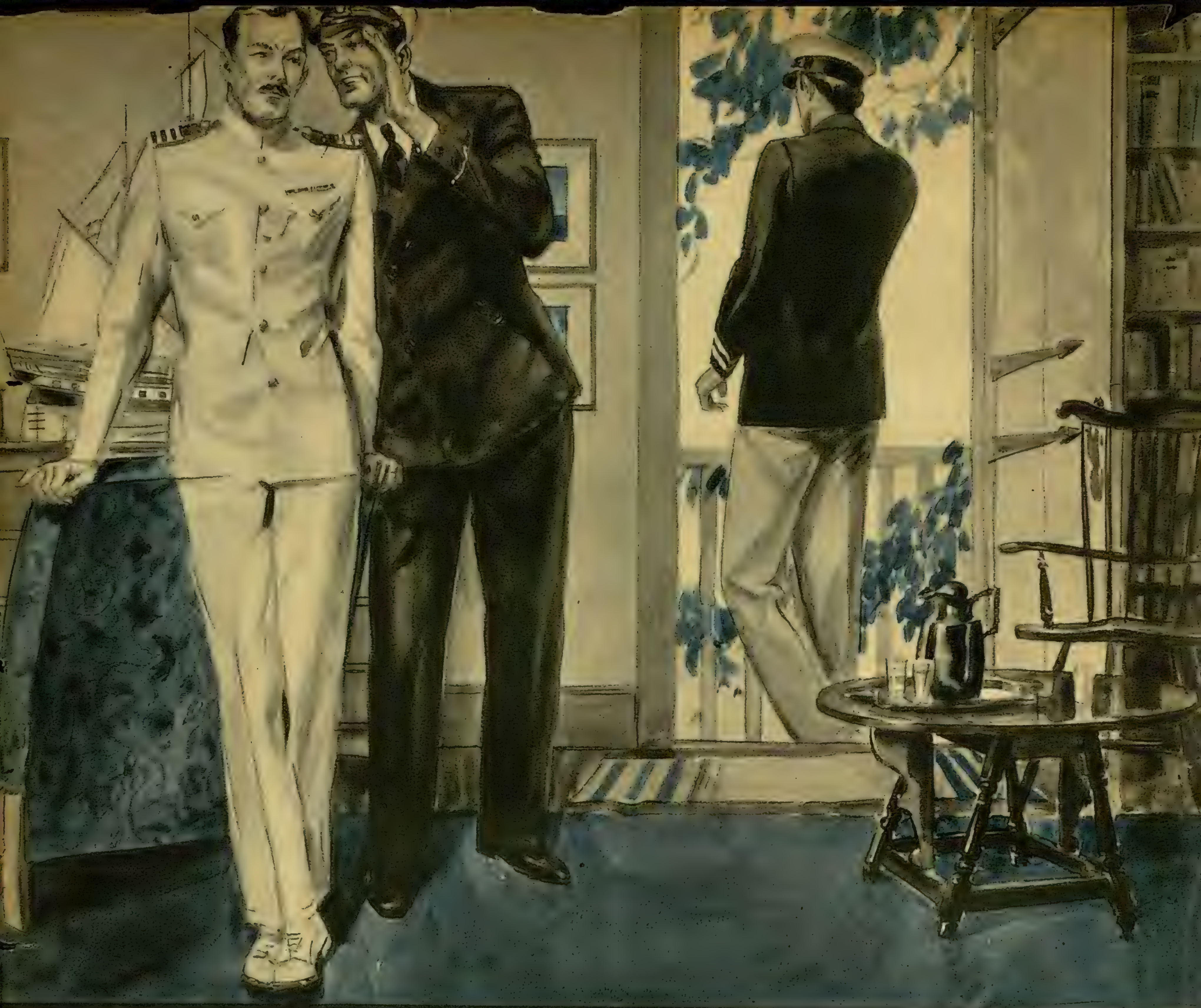
"Gentlemen," he said abruptly, "I am not going to sink her. Instead, I shall send all of you off on her."

We glanced at one another, not believing our ears. It was too good to be true.

In a few minutes he announced that he had decided to permit Captain Lecoq to leave the ship, provided the other captains would promise he would not talk ashore.

Little did I think that ten years later von Luckner would sit in our home, where we would chat with him like old friends long separated.

THE END



"What's eating him?" McGinty laughed. "Maybe it's a swell dame that wants to marry him."

(Reading time: 21 minutes 20 seconds.)

THIS is the story of Don Mitchell, who joined the Coast Guard to avenge his brother, killed by rumrunners. Inez Pendleton, his former fiancée, asks him to quit the service, but he has fallen in love with Betty Laurie, daughter of "Buck" Laurie, notorious smuggler, who he suspects murdered his brother. Don volunteers to locate the rumrunners' cache ashore and takes with him Boatswain McGinty.

They seperate in the woods and Don comes upon Betty, who tells him that he will be killed if the smugglers find him there. As he turns to leave someone fires three shots from a near-by thicket and Don empties his own pistol at the gun flashes.

The Wounded Sniper—Two Against One—Betty Warns Don—The Midnight Pursuit

PART FOUR—THE BURNING RUMRUNNER

HE expected to find a man lying there, dead or dying. There was nobody. There was nothing but some broken twigs, some formless footprints in the sand, a welter of brown-red leaves, and a handkerchief.

Don picked up the handkerchief and looked at it closely. There was blood on it. He unfolded it, spread it out, and in one corner he saw the name of the girl he loved—and hated.

Don listened but heard no sound. There were no birds. There were no squirrels. No dog barked now. Nothing stirred in the thickets.

He stuck the bloodstained handkerchief into his coat pocket and holstered his gun.

The thumb he had bitten in his fury the previous day throbbed with pain. He laughed loudly, jeeringly.

"All right," he yelled. "I'm turning my back again! Try your luck once more."

He trudged through the sand, not looking back.

"She must have circled around the sand dune while I was reading her book," he said to himself. "She tied up the dog somewhere and waited her chance to pot me."

He stopped suddenly as though a rifle bullet had hit him. He put out a hand to steady himself; his face turned white.

"I must have potted her," he thought. "Her handkerchief—that must be her blood on it! Maybe she's lying somewhere out there in the woods, bleeding to death."

DARK of the MOON

By

DOROTHY WAYMAN

and

EDWARD DOHERTY

Pictures by W. MACRAE GILLIES

He put the handkerchief to his nose, and relaxed. He had smelled tobacco. The handkerchief had come out of some man's pocket—some man very close to Betty. Her father, perhaps, not her brother. Asa had no reason to shoot the man who had saved him from McGinty's fists.

"If it was her father I wounded," he thought, "so much the better."

He trudged onward as swiftly as the sand would allow, swinging his fists, and it was with joy that he saw the two figures barring his path. They were Indians—there was no mistaking that—and they were unarmed.

Don looked intently at them, their swarthy skins, their high cheek bones, their glittering black eyes, their long black hair. So these were Wampanoags, descendants of the "praying Indians"! Well, they had better begin praying right now.

He quickened his pace.

"Spy!" one of the Indians shouted. He gave the word a hissing sound that was more eloquent of his feeling than the word itself.

Nothing could have pleased Don Mitchell more at the moment than the prospect of hurting someone and of being hurt. He rushed at the taller of the two with a smile on his face. He swung his great right fist, but the footing in the sand was bad. He missed. He almost fell. The Indian hit him, hurt him. Don laughed and grabbed the man's arms with his hands and picked him up and threw him. He turned just in time to meet the other Indian. He rocked him hard with two blows and dropped him.

HE turned leisurely and waited for the other man to rise. This man was groggy, almost unconscious. But when he opened his eyes and saw the Coast Guard lieutenant standing over him, he quickened into life. He sprang up, moved backward a pace or two, and rushed. Don hit him in the stomach with his right, but though the blow must have hurt cruelly it didn't stop the Indian. He reached Don's face with mighty blows.

Don's admiration for the man's courage was boundless. He smiled.

"You're a game one," he said.

The black beady eyes didn't smile. They were filled with venom.

"Fight!" the Indian said. "No talk. Fight like man!"

Don swung a right and a left. The Indian fell heavily, face downward.

"Glittering gallstones!" said McGinty's voice behind him. "Lieutenant, that was pretty! Damned pretty! Prettiest thing I ever seen."

Don turned.

McGinty's face was all admiration.

"Hell!" Mitchell said. "Those birds didn't know anything about fighting. Game, though. Let's go."

He stepped into the car.

McGINTY remained where he was for a moment, looking from one to the other of the two still figures.

"When you hit 'em," he said, "you certainly hit 'em."

"Come on; let's get out of here. They'll come to in a little while and they may have a gang around here."

McGinty stood his ground.

"I thought you were crazy when you turned your back on the little guy and went over to wait for the big fellow to get up. But you wasn't. You just knew your stuff. Yes, sir, lieutenant, when you hit 'em, boy, you hit 'em!"

He turned reluctantly from the field of battle, started the car, backed it, turned it, stopped for another look.

"Swedes in Jerusalem," he cried merrily, "they're still out!"

McGinty chuckled all the way to the asphalt, while Don sat silent, the elation of battle gone, nothing left but gloom and anger.

"You must have walked clear to Cotuit," McGinty said when they neared the Coast Guard base. "I found your dead pine and stump. There's a big swamp behind it, and a shooting blind, and tire tracks all over the place. That's the landing spot, all right."

"Good boy."

Commander Howey repeated Don's words.

"You've both done splendid work," he said. "We've got something now. And the next dark o' the moon—"

"Commander," McGinty interrupted, "I think I've doped out the way them rummies find that channel in the dark o' the moon, and in fogs, and any old time, without no range light showing on the beach."

"Indeed?"

"Sure. You remember I told you about the shooting blind on the edge of the marsh? Well, there was a lighting outfit in there, all greased up and ready to go. But there wasn't one damn' electric light within a square mile—and that struck me as funny. So I prowled around, and on the seaward side I found a conduit running out of the shack into the sand. I scratched around it a little, and what do you think I seen?"

Commander Howey shook his head impatiently. Don was glowering at the wall, hands in the pockets of his coat. He was glad his thumb hurt so painfully—it suited his mood.

"About a foot under the top of the sand I struck a good-sized cable."

A quick gleam of appreciation showed in the commander's eyes.

"You remember, commander, they laid an A. C. cable in Ambrose Channel a year ago or so, so's the liners comin' into New York could listen in with deep-sea phones and get their course straight up to the harbor?"

The commander answered with sharp nods of his head.

"Well, sir, that's the system them rummies are using. No wonder they can go through that channel at top speed any old time—when the cable's charged. It's like them old cable cars. They can't get lost."

"And it shows," Commander Howey said, "that these people have invested an enormous amount of money—and the United States Coast Guard has been sound asleep. But we're wide awake now. And the next moonless night—"

A beatific smile ended the sentence. The commander relaxed and rubbed his hands.

"Fine work!" he said. "Fine work! We have Captain Andy Laurie, his crew, and his backers just where we want them."

Don got out of his chair at mention of the name and growled. He walked out of the commander's office without comment and without excuse. The commander's eyebrows arched like the backs of lean gray cats.

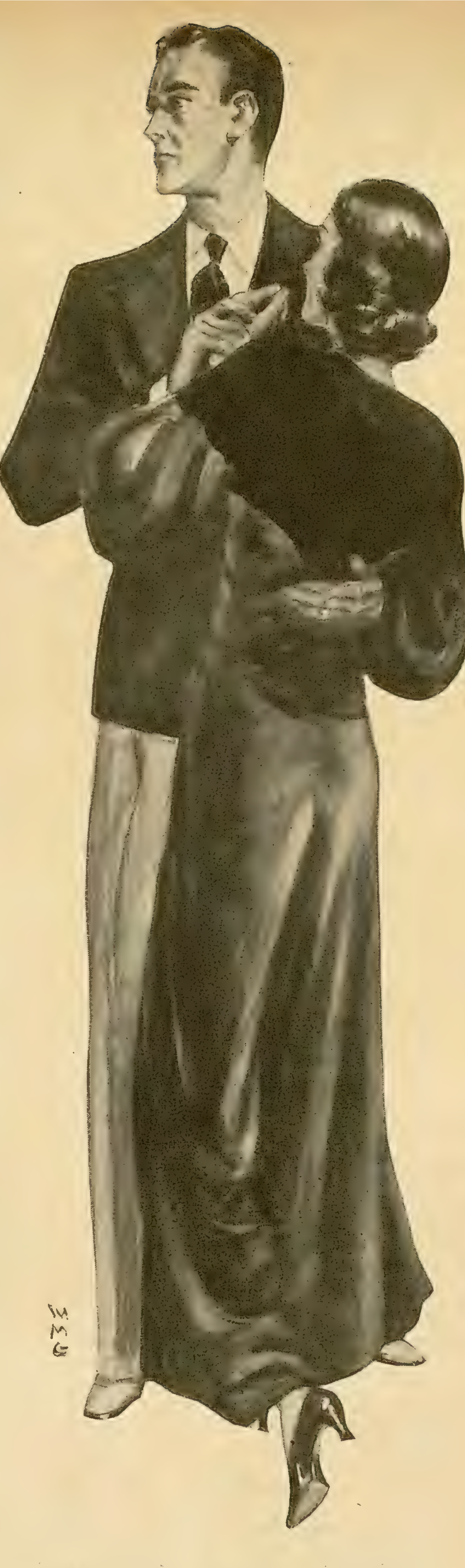
"What's eating him?" he wondered. He might have been asking the question of himself.

"What's eating him?" McGinty laughed. "If you're asking me, I don't know. But maybe it's a swell dame that wants to marry him—and he can't get rid of her."

DON'S crimson bath robe thrown over her black-and-gold pyjamas, Mrs. Inez Pendleton Stuart turned the gas low under the coffeepot and started toward the front door.

Halfway there she tripped on the hem of the bath robe and almost fell. One of her gold slippers came off.

"Damn," she said pleasantly but without a smile. She pulled the skirt up until it ballooned about her waist, then tightened the belt, and looked for a mirror. But there was only one in the house, a tiny square of glass hung in the bathroom. She rolled up the sleeves a little higher. She thrust her foot into the slipper and opened the door.



The doorbell rang suddenly, harshly. "McGinty," Don whispered.

This time she saw him. He was coming swiftly down the incline, swinging his great arms, taking long strides.

She was about to call his name when she saw him stop and look at her car. She noted a puzzled look on his face, and realized by that that he had forgotten her. She slipped quietly back to the kitchen.

"Morning, darling," she greeted him as the door opened and banged shut. She tried to put nothing but cheerfulness into her voice. "Surprised?"

"Bluey! You can't stay here. It was silly of you—" Don's tone was almost surly.

"Lunch is ready," she answered. "Your lunch—my breakfast."

"HALF Cape Cod knows now that you've slept here all night," Don said, striding into the kitchen. "That car of yours—"

"Nonsense. It's hidden from the road, and this is the most desolate spot in America. Nobody comes here but you. You could set up in the hermit business."

"Be serious, Inez. McGinty was here this morning. He saw you—in my bedroom."

Inez laughed.

"Was that McGinty? He's darling. He was scared when he saw me—actually scared!"

Don glared at her. "You weren't asleep?"

"I never was wider awake in my life. And then you came in, tiptoeing. And you never even peeked in my direction. It was sweet of you!"

Don replied with strange noises in his throat. He sat in a chair by the table.

"Am I really your—fiancée?"

Inez asked the question in a very small voice. She had her back toward Don. Her hand lingered on the handle of the coffeepot.

"You are." Don said it as though he were asserting something she had vigorously denied.

"Don't say it like that, Don."

She took the coffeepot off the stove, and put it back again. The skirt of the bath robe fell through the belt. She hoisted it again and once more tightened the belt.

"Not so—so belligerently."

"I'm not belligerent. I'm just—"

"You are, too, Don Mitchell. You know you are. You—"

Suddenly she noticed his swollen and lacerated thumb.

"Don! You're hurt!"

She took his hand in hers and examined the injury.

"It's nothing," Don said, jerking his hand away.

"Someone bit you," she cried accusingly. "That yellow-headed woman!"

(Continued on page eighteen)

EVERYBODY LIKES YOU.....

WHEN YOU RADIATE YOUTH, HEALTH AND HIGH-SPIRITS!

BEAUTY — Bright eyes, a clear, fresh skin, come naturally when you are *internally clean!* You have sparkle, life, charm — you are no longer a person half-awake. Start Sal Hepatica now! Note: Sal Hepatica is a great help in the reducing diet.

HEALTH—Life's no fun when you're only half-awake. If you really want to feel fine, sweep away the poisons and wastes — and your clean, poison-free blood will give you a new pep and brightness. Keep internally clean with Sal Hepatica.

SOME days you feel *swell.* Everything turns out right and everybody likes you.

Other days you feel "low"—grouchy, half-alive, nothing goes right—and other people have all the fun.

When you feel like that, it's time for Sal Hepatica. It's time to get rid of the poisons and wastes that are clogging your system. Until you're internally clean, you won't know what it is to feel sparkling and healthy.

Instead of envying other people their joy in living, buy a bottle of Sal Hepatica. Tomorrow morning stir a teaspoonful or so of Sal Hepatica into a big glass of water, and drink down the sparkling mixture!

In half an hour, the poisons have been flushed from your system. You feel fine!

Don't think that Sal Hepatica is "just a laxative." Sal Hepatica offers the same benefits as do the European health springs. And doctors recommend the saline treatment for run-down, half-sick patients.

Sal Hepatica does *far more* than any ordinary laxative can do! *It clears the blood stream of poisons!* It tones up the system. It gets at the causes of colds, digestive disorders, headaches, rheumatism, skin blemishes.

Begin with Sal Hepatica tomorrow morning, and find out what it is to enjoy life!

CONSTIPATION

Whenever you wake up with any symptoms of constipation —take 2 teaspoonfuls of Sal Hepatica in a glass of water. Promptly, gently, the wastes will be flushed away.

HEADACHE

To relieve congestion which causes so many headaches, take a teaspoonful of Sal Hepatica in a glass of water and repeat in 15 minutes if not relieved.

COLDS

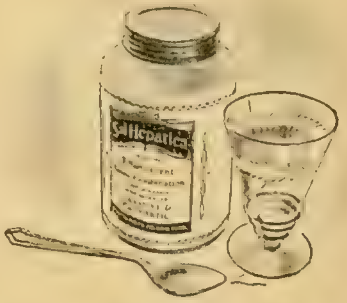
The first step in clearing a cold is to flush out the system with 2 to 4 teaspoonfuls of Sal Hepatica in a glass of water. Continue before breakfast to keep free of congestion.

BAD COMPLEXION

To keep the blood stream clear of impurities that often cause blemishes, take 1 teaspoonful of Sal Hepatica in a glass of water—for a week, or as long as necessary.

RHEUMATISM

As an eliminant, flush the system with 2 to 4 teaspoons of Sal Hepatica in a glass of water. Keep free of acidity by taking 1 to 2 teaspoonfuls before meals and retiring.



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Kindly send me the free booklet, which explains the many benefits of Sal Hepatica.

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Street________________

City____________ State________

(Continued from page sixteen)

"Don't be a fool. I bit it myself. I was so mad when I found out who that girl was that I sunk my teeth into it until the blood came!"

"Don, you awful ass. And you've done nothing for it?"

"Sure I have. I cracked a couple of Indians with it this morning. That helped."

Inez sat down across the table from him, and stared at him with misty eyes.

"You don't love me," she said. "You never did."

"I did love you," he said, scowling at his thumb.

Inez threw back her head.

"Good God," she said, "did anyone ever see a lover like this in all the history of the world?"

She laughed, but without amusement.

"He'll marry me because he thinks he's compromised me. He swears he loves me—and he sits there all wrapped up in his festering thumb and his yellow-headed rumrunning sweetheart."

Don leaped to his feet, but no quicker than she.

"Don't touch me!" she cried, putting out her arms as though to fend him off. "You love her. You don't hate her—you love her. You don't love me at all."

He made a step toward her. She backed away and, nearing the doorway, turned and fled.

Into his bedroom she ran, and through it to the bathroom. Don, after a moment, followed her.

He saw her reach into the case on the wall and snatch up a bottle of iodine. "For God's sake, Bluey!" he cried, rushing toward her.

He whirled her around, snatched the bottle from her, and threw it on the tiled floor.

His face had gone white. His eyes were frightened. His hands trembled. She was so close to him she could hear his heart beating fast.

She was puzzled for a moment. Then her blue eyes widened, softened.

"Oh, dear fool," she said, "you thought—you thought—"

She laughed, deliciously, wholesomely.

"You were going to kill yourself!"

She put her hands on his shoulders and nestled her head close to his heart. She was shaking with laughter.

"Darling, darling, darling! Will you never grow up? It was only iodine. For your thumb. And you've broken the bottle. And, and— Oh, put your arms around me, kiss me, tell me you love me as you never loved anybody in the world!"

DON bent and kissed, unwillingly, the white chevron in her hair. She raised her face to his. She had stopped laughing suddenly. Her eyes were misted again and very blue. Her mouth was open, near.

The doorbell rang suddenly, harshly.

"McGinty," Don whispered, releasing her.

Inez walked into the kitchen. Don went to the front door and swung it wide.

Betty Laurie stood there.

Don glared at her. She glared at him.

"Well?" He managed to give the word an insolent sound.

"I came to warn you," she said, her voice as hateful as his.

"A bit late, aren't you? Your father's already shot at me—and missed."

"He never misses."

"He shot at my back—and couldn't hit it."

He jerked out the bloodstained handkerchief and handed it to her. She looked at it; put it into her purse.

Next Week—

IS SOVIET RUSSIA FIT TO RECOGNIZE?

'YES,' SAYS LEON TROTSKY

The creator of the Red Army answers some pointed questions concerning the religious prejudices, the moral code, and the mass industrialism of the country from which he was exiled.

"Thank you so much for not thinking it was I who shot at you."

"I did think so—at first."

"I might have known you would," she said.

At the sound of Betty's voice Inez dropped the coffeepot and scurried into the living room. Her entrance was spoiled somewhat in that she tripped on the hem of Don's bath robe and one of her gold slippers went flying through the room to drop at Betty's feet.

Betty looked from Don to the woman, then ignored Inez as someone unimportant.

"Don't come back again to the woods," she said. "That's the warning. If you do, you'll stay there."

"I go where I please," Don answered. "I do as I wish. And let me warn you. Stay off the rum boats or some night I'll blow you out of the water. Tell your father that means him too. Tell him there's no man on earth I'd rather have under my guns than Buck Laurie."

BETTY smiled as one does remembering folly.

"Yesterday, Lieutenant Mitchell," she said, "I thought you were a brave man and a gentleman. Perhaps it was because you saved my life and shared your food with me. Today—" She shrugged her shoulders; the corners of her mouth twitched. "Today I am disillusioned."

She stared at him a little moment, then turned to go. Over her shoulder she said to him softly, "Thank you."

She glanced at Inez.

"Thank you both," she added, and was gone. . . .

Commander Howey prepared his plans for the capture of the Popponessett rumrunners as thoroughly as Napoleon made his campaign for the battle of Austerlitz.

As the dark of the moon drew on he spent hours over his charts and maps, measuring distances on land and sea, calculating the running time of boats and automobiles, making elaborate schedules.

When he had all his plans perfected he burned the papers for fear of betrayal—then made them all over again because he could not remember exact details and figures.

Mr. Percy Tuttle Perwink, customs inspector, arrived on a Wednesday in early October with two of his men, and Commander Howey summoned Lieutenant Mitchell and Boatswain McGinty for a conference.

Mr. Perwink was a soft, thin, pink little man. Don instinctively disliked him. So did McGinty.

"Bet he's got lace on his hankies," McGinty whispered.

The six representatives of prohibition enforcement sat solemnly in the commander's little office—and Don wondered if each of the others were not, like himself, wishing for a good stiff drink.

"Friday night," said Commander Howey. "We're all set, I take it. If not, this is the time to say so. I have advices that the I'm About cleared from St. Pierre this morning. She ought to be off Nantucket by Friday noon at the latest. Monday is Columbus Day. They'll try to unload the I'm About and get the stuff into Boston in time for the holiday trade."

"Precisely," Mr. Perwink said. He pulled up his trousers a trifle and crossed his legs.

"They'll have a fleet of trucks waiting," he went on. "We'll take care of these vehicles. As I understand it, commander, your men will not try to intercept the speed boat, the—the contact boat, I believe the law violators call it—the boat that transfers the liquor from the I'm About to the shore. You'll allow her to come in close enough to put the sacks into the dories. My men will be in hiding. When the rumrunners have put some of the cargo into the trucks, for the sake of evidence we shall pounce upon them from the woods. And your men—"

"Will block the escape of the contact boat and the dories. Exactly. That's the idea. Lieutenant Mitchell will be in charge of one patrol boat. Boatswain McGinty will command another. They'll be lying, without lights, one at either side of this channel." The commander illustrated by making two dots on a chart. " When the speed boat comes in, they are to close in behind her.

" Now, about the time. I've arranged with the offshore patrol to send me a code flash when the speed boat clears from the I'm About. That, I've figured, will be around nine o'clock. It should take the boat a little less than three hours to make the run in from Rum Row. So that if we say somewhere around midnight Friday we'll be very close."

For the better part of an hour Commander Howey and Mr. Perwink went over the details.

" I really don't see how anything can go wrong," Mr. Perwink said, drawing a dainty watch from his lower vest pocket. " Dear me, it is getting late. I must call Boston immediately. Do you mind? "

DON thought of Mr. Perwink Friday night as he buckled on his gun belt in Commander Howey's cabin.

" If anything does go wrong," he remarked to McGinty, " it will be his fault. I don't trust that daffodil."

They shoved off from the base at ten o'clock. That would bring them off Popponessett by eleven, in plenty of time to douse their lights and slip quietly into the locations laid out on their charts. McGinty's boat went ahead. He was to block the east end, while Mitchell lay in the shadow of the jetty off Waquoit Bay at the west end.

The customs men and state police, a dozen of them in all, left the base by automobile at half past ten, taking a circuitous route to bring them down to the woods.

Don made the run down the Sound well over toward the Vineyard shore, and, reaching his post, ordered all lights extinguished except the closely hooded binnacle light.

" All right! Over with that anchor. And no splashing. And no cigarettes. And no talking. Watch and listen for that speed boat." Don looked at the radium dial of his watch. " She's due within the next thirty minutes."

In the stillness that followed Don could hear a fox barking on shore. There was a crisp hint of frost in the air. The stars glittered brightly.

It was hard for him to wait.

Buck might be in the speed boat. Perhaps his daughter would be with him. The boat would go by him, a streak of white on a black sea. He would follow. If everything went right there would be no gunfire. But if anything went wrong, if Buck got wind of danger and doubled back on his trail, bullets would shower him—and her!

Well, so be it! He had warned her.

It was difficult to stand still and wait, thinking of her, fearing for her, loving her, hating her. And yet Don Mitchell felt that he would not

YOU MUST HAVE A CAST-IRON STOMACH, BILL.
"OH — "TUMS FOR THE TUMMY" IS MY SECRET OF EATING JUST WHAT I LIKE!

"You, too, Can Eat What You Like *without Acid Indigestion*"

Here's How! Funny how everybody thinks I have a cast-iron stomach because nothing I eat disagrees with me. And yet it wasn't so long ago that indigestion used to ruin meals for me. It seemed that I had to avoid particularly the very foods I liked best because they always brought on a burning sourness and a nauseating gassy fullness. But, happily for me, I discovered TUMS. Today I simply munch three or four of these candy-like antacid mints after meals and nothing disagrees with me any more. And I enjoy smoking more, too, without fear of discomforting after-effects.

Almost everyone (about 7 out of 10 Americans) at times suffers from indigestion, heartburn, sour stomach, acidity and gas due to hasty meals, wrong food combinations, nervous strain, etc. For quick, pleasant relief, simply eat three or four TUMS — often one is enough. You'll like TUMS — they're so agreeable, safe and handy to carry in pocket or purse. Get a roll today at any drugstore—only 10c.

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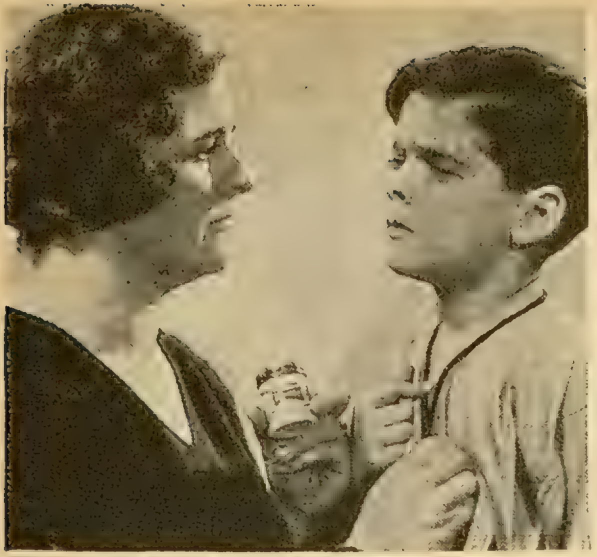

SON: Aw gee, my throat's so sore, I can hardly swallow.

MOTHER: Here, sonny, I'll rub on Children's Musterole. You'll feel fine in the morning, because it's a "counter-irritant."

SON: What's a "counter-irritant," mother?

MOTHER: Dr. Martin said it's fine for sore throat because it penetrates and draws out soreness and infection.

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Mothers . . . here's wonderful, safe relief!

● Rub on Children's Musterole the minute a child gets sore throat. This pure, white ointment is just good old Musterole, in milder form, bringing ease in 5 minutes—relief in 5 hours. Used by millions, recommended by doctors and nurses—Musterole is a blend of mustard, camphor, menthol, and other valuable ingredients. It gets results, because it is NOT just a salve. *It's a counter-irritant!* It penetrates. It draws out soreness, pain and infection; convenient to use on babies and small children. Keep full strength Musterole handy for adults, the milder Children's Musterole for little folks. All druggists'.

CHILDREN'S
MUSTEROLE
BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
MILD

hesitate to fire—if he had to—when the time came.

"If only she hadn't seen Inez in my home," he thought, "in my bath robe! Of course she thinks what anybody else would have thought. She'll never forgive me for that, even if she forgives my being who I am and what I am!"

It seemed not at all strange to him that he wanted to explain to Betty the circumstances of Inez Stuart's unconventional visit, to be forgiven—before the machine guns rattled and explanations and forgiveness were too late.

The man at the bow made his way back to Don.

"Lieutenant," he whispered, "I think I hear her."

"Stations, everyone," Don said. "Zylinsky and Ryan, stand by with that anchor. Gunner, don't forget — give them three blanks first if I give orders to shoot. Phillips, you stand by the searchlight, and remember to flash it on the Coast Guard ensign before you turn it on them. And don't turn it on at all until I tell you to.

"Ready, now! As soon as she's passed we follow her in. I'll take the wheel myself."

Don could hear the steady, powerful pur of marine engines now. They were turning up 650 revolutions a minute, he guessed. They were going as fast as his heart beat. Was Buck behind those engines? Was Betty?

"She's got a deck load," Phillips whispered. "I can see it plain."

"Shut up," Don said.

He advanced the engine-room telegraph. The dripping anchor had been eased in and was lying on the deck. Don glanced around. Every man was at his post.

The patrol boat moved out slowly, gathering speed. Don rang for more speed, knowing the patrol boat couldn't be heard above the roar of those powerful engines on the speed boat. He closed in on the gleaming wake, a luminous trail that could not be hidden.

In a few minutes, now, he thought—a few minutes!

He was speeding through the channel Betty had pointed out to him that day he kissed her. He was using against her the knowledge he had gained from her. He was following her in through the channel. What would the end of the chase bring? Jail for her? Death?

The patrol boat went ahead at its fastest speed. The wake of the rum-runner turned sharply to the left.

"Lieutenant!"

The man at Don's side, breathing hard in the excitement of the chase, suddenly touched his superior's shoulder.

"Look!" he said.

In the darkness far ahead red flashes gleamed. Faint shots sounded, loud cries of men.

"Perwink!" Mitchell said. "The damn' fool got there too soon. The rummies are signaling to the boat."

He raised his voice:

"Lights! Flash her on the ensign, Phillips. Gunner, stand by for warning shots."

He crowded the boat ahead, toward shore. There must be depth there. The rummy had gone in, and he was loaded deep. The patrol boat drew only eight feet. It could go where Buck had gone.

Don realized he was in for it now. He would have to fire on that rummy, whether Betty were aboard or not. And he realized that he didn't want to. He was ashamed of his weakness, but—

Dead ahead of him a great flame leaped out of the black, and Don could glimpse for a brief instant, by its light, the speed boat piled high with burlap sacks, and back of it the white sand of the shore, the woods, the men and trucks. The flame rose out of the speed boat!

"Betty!" Don cried.

Something went overboard from the speed boat—something that might be a man, or a girl, or a sack of liquor.

In next week's installment you will learn of what happened to the rum-runner's blazing boat and to Betty and her father, Buck.

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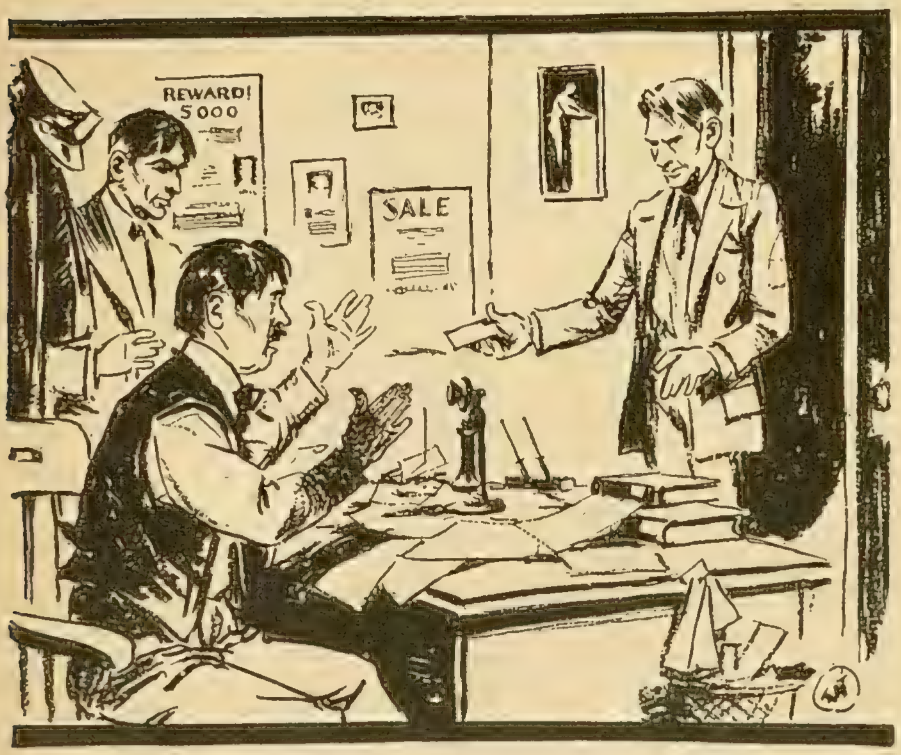
Defective Dugan

A SHORT SHORT STORY

By

DAVID NOWINSON



(Reading time: 4 minutes 33 seconds.)

DESK SERGEANT CALLAHAN told me this story. He's a great old boy and I am only too glad to give him credit for it. Since I have been with the paper he's given me lots of tips and every one has been good.

It was two, maybe three years ago [said the sarge] when me and Eddie Randall—which is detective sergeant here—we was sitting around late one night figuring up the day's business. Eddie got two cigars more. So I light up one of his—a good fifteen-center, too—and while he's squawking in walks this Dugan.

Skinny! If he'd close one eye he could pass for a needle.

The lad stands there looking at Eddie and me until I ask him what he wants. Then he pulls out a card from his pocket and hands it over, not saying a word.

There's a name on the card: " William Dugan."

" Well," I says, " what do you want me to do about it—cry? It's your name."

Without cracking a smile, he pulls out another card. It reads: " I am deaf and dumb."

Well, after a lot of writing back and forth it develops that this Dugan is ambitious to be a detective. Can you beat it? A deaf-and-dumb guy wanting to be a detective! By the holy saints! You should've heard Eddie howl.

But I tell Randall, " Well, Eddie, he could be no worse than some of your boys, and maybe better, because you don't expect his mouth and ears to work. What are you writing him now? "

Eddie tells me to read it, and I do, and this is what he's written the lad:

" Because I like your looks I'm going to give you a trial, and if you make good you're hired. A detective don't need ears and mouth. All he needs is brains. If you help me catch the Goran gang you're on the pay roll."

Now this is kind of raw, because the Goran gang is a tough bunch of hoodlums which always covers up so nobody can ever pin anything on them.

You should see how happy the poor sucker is. His eyes light up and he pumps Randall's hand, and then he mitts me, and then he scoots out of the station in a hurry.

Eddie laughs and laughs. " 'Defective Dugan told Sergeant Randall that he would be very glad indeed to round up the Goran outfit. The bandits will soon be in the jug.' Ha, ain't that hot, Pat? "

" Just the same, Eddie," I tells him, " if anything happens to this Dugan, you're responsible."

The next day me and Eddie are both sticking around the station later than usual on account of a big poker game which the boys have started in the drill room. I am just raking in a pot when in scoots Dugan!

" He looks excited," I tell Eddie. " Give him a piece of paper. He wants to write you a note."

So Eddie give him a piece of paper, and the lad scribbles on it like sixty. Then he hands it to Eddie.

Eddie reads it in a hurry.

" Holy H. Smoke! " he yells. " The Goran outfit breaks into the First National tonight. They start the fireworks at twelve." He looks at his watch. " That's in twenty-three minutes. Get out of my way, Pat! "

" How do you know all this? " I asks. " A deaf-and-dumb guy couldn't—"

But Eddie is already out of the door with a bunch of the boys. I would go along myself, because I am still as spry as anybody, only I have to hold down the desk.

I look at the clock. It is running very slow this night. Fifteen minutes pass. Twenty. Then I hear twelve bongs. I wonder what is happening in the neighborhood of the First National.

Maybe it's a trap, I begin to figure. It might be the last time I'll see Eddie alive! Maybe— But I guess I'm getting a little jumpy waiting, that's all.

I AM still looking at the hands on the clock crawling up to a quarter of one when I hear a big rumpus outside and into the station troops all our men plus Pete Goran and his half brother Ben along with four members of the gang.

Well, I send Ben and the four men downstairs to the cooler, but I keep Pete to talk to.

Pete uses language which makes me suspect that he is no gentleman.

" We caught 'em in the act, Pat," Eddie tells me. " They ain't got a leg to stand on."

But I am taking notice of the murderous look Pete is giving Dugan, which has come back with Eddie.

" What's the matter, Pete? " I asks. " Don't you like Dugan? "

" That rat? " says Pete with a lot of cursing. I learn a great many new words. " We thought he was a tramp! " Pete yells. " He come around to the joint for a handout. Told us he's deaf and dumb! "

I tell him Dugan is that.

" Yeah? " Pete spits it out violent. " Then how come he heard us plan the job? Who you kidding? "

I turns to Dugan, ready to write out the question. But he is smiling like he's already heard it. He takes out one of the cards. It reads: " I am deaf and dumb." He takes a pencil. I look over his shoulder. I see him scribble on the card. This is what he puts down:

" But I'm a swell lip reader."

THE END

The Lives of Three Girls; a German Queen; A Revived Jubilo, and an Unhappy Heroine in the Picture Parade

By
ROB WAGNER

FATE, FOREIGN,

Warren William and Joan Blondell in Three on a Match, a picture which portrays vividly the fateful lives of three girls from school age on.

(Reading time: 6 minutes 55 seconds.)

A HIGHBROW critic recently said: “Hollywood makes pictures for the seventy-per-cent moron public; the other thirty per cent can go chase itself.” Well, the thirty per cent wouldn't have had to chase very far to see some pretty high-class pictures during the closing months of 1932. Offhand I think of A Bill of Divorcement, Cynara, Trouble in Paradise, and Smilin' Through.

Grant Withers and Merna Kennedy in Red-Haired Alibi, a somewhat different version of gangster film.

“. . . They haven't the nerve to tackle significant subjects.” Well, how about I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang, Washington Masquerade, and The Match King?

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ ★ THREE ON A MATCH

CAST

Mary, Joan Blondell; Henry, Warren William; Vivian, Ann Dvorak; Ruth, Bette Davis; Principal, Grant Mitchell; Mike, Lyle Talbot; Naomi, Sheila Terry; A Woman, Glenda Farrell; Junior, Buster Phelps; Bobby, Frankie Darrow.

Directed by Mervyn Le Roy.
Produced by Warner Brothers-First National.

The opening sequence of this picture introduces us to three young grammar-school kids: one an honor student, one a sniffy little prig, and the third a “bad girl.”

A time lapse of three years and we see them graduated.

Another time lapse of ten years. Then by a coincidence the girls meet again, have lunch, and tell their stories. Bette Davis, the student, has become an “old faithful” stenographer; Ann Dvorak, the prig, has married Warren William, having wealth, position, and a beautiful boy; while Joan Blondell, the bad girl, after serving a term in the reform school, has become a show girl. They finish off their lunch by reminiscing through the smoke of their cigarettes, which they light three on a match. And you know what *that* means!

That, however, is only the beginning of the story. Ann, a shallow, pampered sensualist, goes down and down until she ends up a dope-headed degenerate, while Joan, the bad girl, goes up and up, finally taking Ann's place as William's wife. Bette trails into the picture as an “old faithful” governess to Ann's boy.

Ann Dvorak as the hophead heavy of this drama is superb. Joan Blondell also proves that she can act in spite of her much-exploited candy-box beauty.

Warren William is fine as usual. Special mention must be made of the work of Lyle Talbot, the male vamp who wrecks Ann's life.

★ ★ LOUISE, QUEEN OF PRUSSIA

CAST

Queen Louise, Henny Porten; King Frederick Wilhelm III, Gustaf Gruendgens; Prince Louis Ferdinand, Ekkehard Arendt; Czar Alexander, Wladimir Gaiderow; Count von Stein, Friedrich Kayssler; Countess Voss, Helene Fehdmer; Napoleon, Paul Gunther.

Directed by Carl Froelich.
Produced by Tobis.

Germans are a stubborn lot. They are beginning to make swell pictures,

Too Busy to Work presents Marian Nixon and Will Rogers, the latter in his famous rôle of Jubilo, the tramp.

and ROGERS

yet they go right on speaking a ridiculous foreign tongue when everybody knows that English, etc., etc. Here is a gorgeous production telling the story of their best-beloved Queen, played by their best-beloved movie queen, Henny Porten, and then, most annoyingly, the moment this beautiful creature talks she emits sounds that are quite unintelligible to us.

Though we beat the Germans in lighting and camera work, they excel in authenticity of costumes, architectural detail, and types. Indeed, so wonderfully is the picture cast that everyone, with the exception of Napoleon (and that may have been deliberate!), seems like the veritable personage he represents. However, in spite of superimposed English titles, you'll lose a lot of good stuff.

★ ★ TOO BUSY TO WORK

CAST

Jubilo, Will Rogers; Rose, Marian Nixon; Judge Hardy, Frederick Burton; Dan, Dick Powell; Axel, Constantine Romanoff; The Sheriff, Douglas Cosgrove; Mammy, Louise Beavers.

Produced by Fox.

In this picture Will goes back to his famous tramp character, Jubilo, remade into a talkie. Yes, the old Ben Ames Williams story stands retelling; but since its first making Will has grown from a stage entertainer to the country's most popular political philosopher—and from the way the audience hung on his every word, expecting some brilliant quip, I feel sure that they would prefer him as Will Rogers, such as he played in They Had to See Paris, and Down to Earth.

Marian Nixon plays his daughter and is altogether delightful.

Germany's favorite movie queen, Henny Porten, appears in the German-made Louise, Queen of Prussia.

RED-HAIRED ALIBI (No stars)

Produced by Allied.

A pure and innocent gal from Des Moines is lured to New York and hires herself out as a gangster's moll. She never suspects that he is a bad mans until the police tell her. She flees to White Plains; meets love, marriage, and elegance.

Comes the meanie demanding money, and to save her husband from learning of her past, she shoots the wretch and gives herself up, thus avoiding the slightest publicity!

Four- and three-star pictures of the last six months

★★★★—Babes in the Wood, Silver Dollar, I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang, Bill of Divorcement, Washington Merry-Go-Round, Movie Crazy.

★★★—The Match King, The Kid from Spain, Cynara, Night after Night, Red Dust, Trouble in Paradise, One Way Passage, The Phantom President, Night of June 13th, The Cabin in the Cotton, Blessed Event, The Most Dangerous Game, Life Begins, Mr. Robinson Crusoe, Blondie of the Follies, The Night Club Lady, Horse Feathers, Congorilla, A Successful Calamity, The First Year, What Price Hollywood, Strange Interlude, American Madness, Red-Headed Woman, Bring 'Em Back Alive, Winner Take All, The Dark Horse, As You Desire Me.

Why the United States Is Likely to Obtain Control of All Foreign Credit in Return for Postponement of Payments

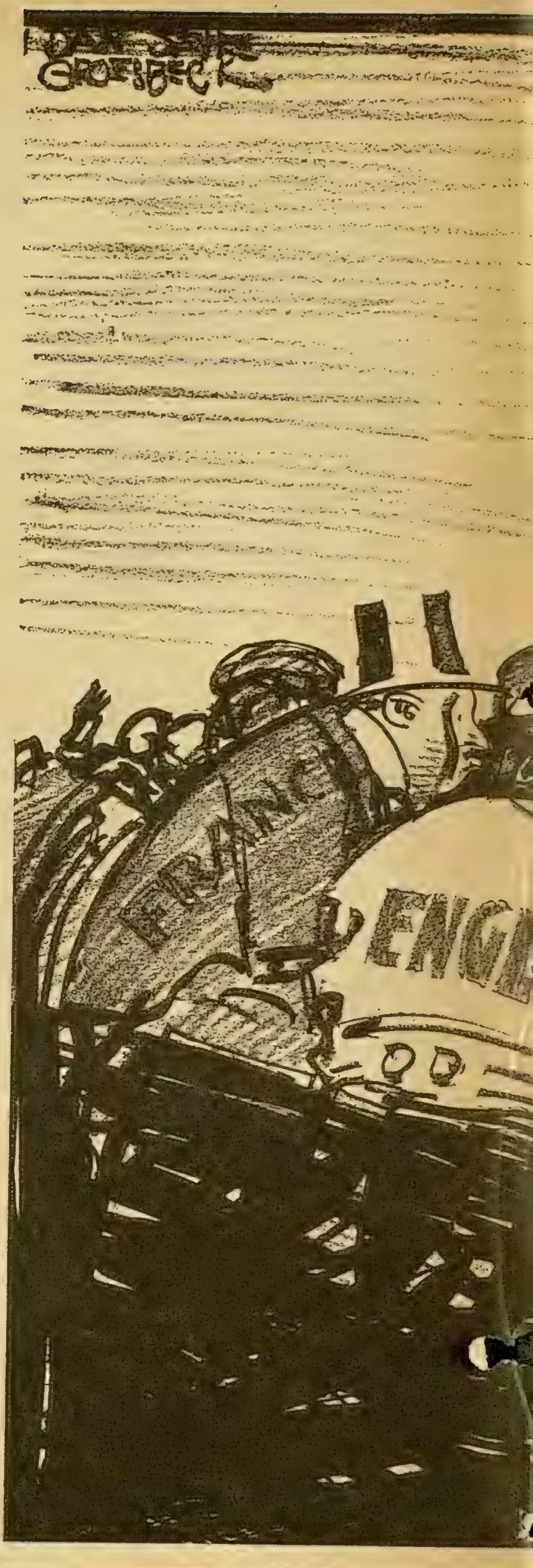
A *New Deal in* WAR Debts

(Reading time: 8 minutes 35 seconds.)

THESE wild-eyed Americans who worry more about the fate of the gold standard in Finland than about the starving baby in the next block have been acting for the last ten years as though this were the only time in history when one government had owed money to another government at the end of a great war. The heart-rending cries about Uncle Shylock, the lamentations of the Nicholas Murray Butlers who see cancellation as a moral duty, the bleats of the Borahs who blindly demand that the European nations shall abandon their means of self-defense in return for remission of a debt incurred in self-defense, seem to forget that for the first two generations of our national existence the United States was on the short and dirty end of a war debt to our friend and ally France, and that we paid it back, painfully, every cent of it.

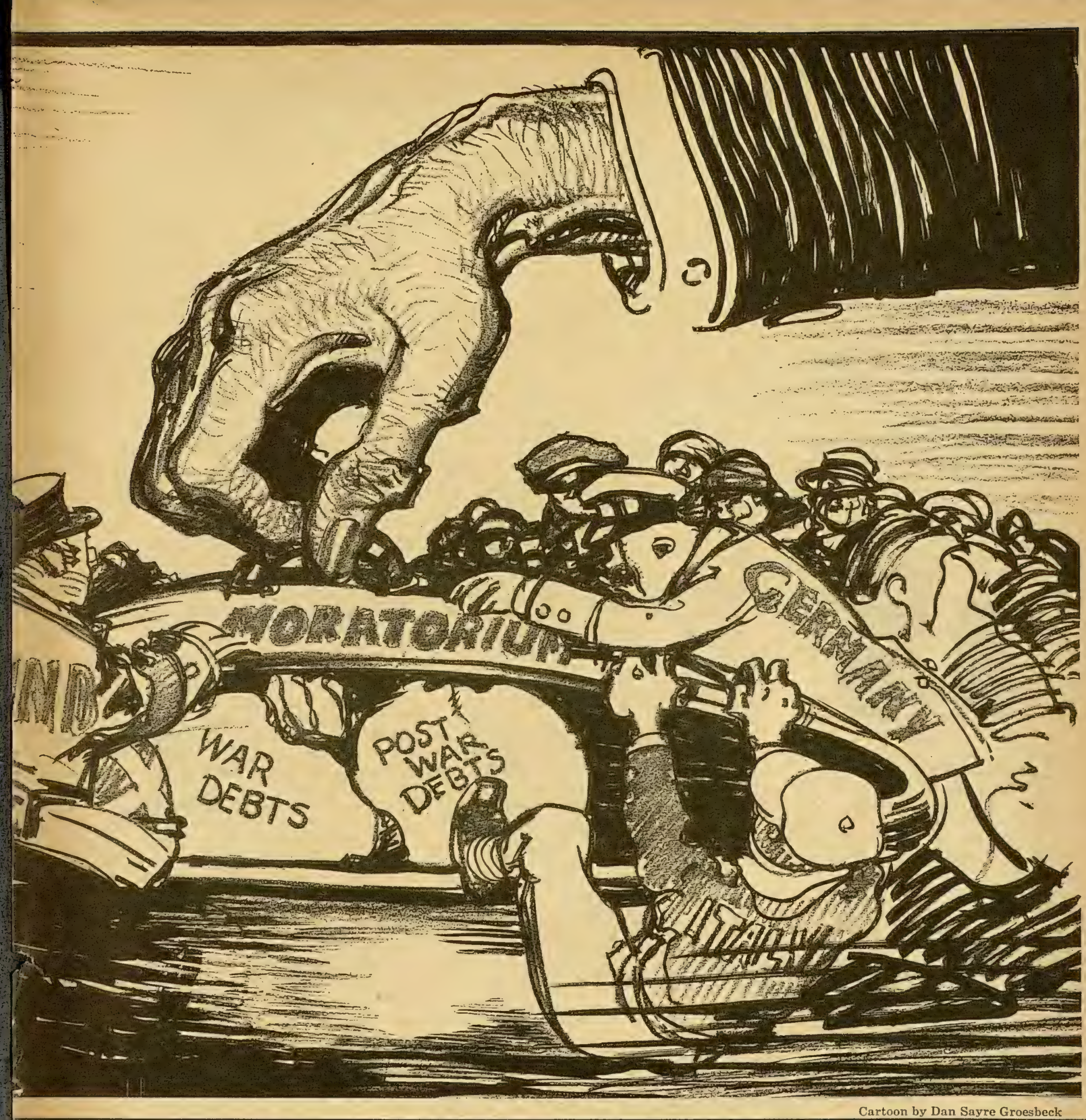
Our attitude toward the debt we owed was purely practical. Immediately after the American Revolution we could not pay. We had disorder, disorganization, paper money, and no strong government. We convinced the French that we could not pay them, but we acknowledged the debt. When Alexander Hamilton funded our obligations under the new Constitution, we began repaying France, years after the war. Then in 1798 we fought the French; but when that was over we again acknowledged the debt and went on paying.

Not until long after Napoleon had been defeated at Waterloo did we complete repayment of an obligation which had originated nearly fifty years before; and there is no record of the American Government having sought to evade, deny, or cancel this debt. When we could pay, we paid; when we couldn't pay, we said so and promised to pay as soon as possible. That little transaction is the basis of the international credit of the United States.



The Hoover moratorium prevented a cancellation drive. What is ahead now —a new deal?

The European war debtors have been encouraged by our self-styled idealists and irresponsible spokesmen to adopt other plans. They owe the American Government about twelve billion dollars. Under the debt agreements which they have signed with this government, they are liable to pay at the rate of about $250,000,000 a year. When the world depression knocked all budgets for a row of deficits, it was obviously difficult or impossible for some of the debtors to pay at the old rate or even to pay at all. In June, 1931, President Hoover beat the gun on a big cancellation drive by proposing a moratorium under which debt took a year's holiday.



Cartoon by Dan Sayre Groesbeck

Our debtors met last July at Lausanne, Switzerland, where they decided that Germany could not pay any more reparations to them for the damage she did in the war, and that even if Germany could pay she wouldn't. As Germany had, up to then, paid all of the Allied war debts to America, this suggested that the Allies also would have to stop paying. So they signed an agreement which reduced Germany's bill to about $700,000,000, announced that this reduction would depend on whether the United States would also reduce the war debts, and followed it up with a general agreement to consult each other so as to present a solid front in negotiations with the United States.

In the meantime, during May and June, 1932, the American Government had been playing a pretty little kissing game called balance-the-budget. Ogden Mills hid a billion-dollar deficit under his high hat and Congress pretended that he had swallowed it. They drew up a set of revenue figures for campaign purposes, and even found a small surplus by including $250,000,000 of income from war debts as part and parcel of the budget. So Europe and America started out for a head-on collision as the Presidential election and December 15, 1932, the due date for the debt payments, approached. Boiled down to its lowest terms, it meant that the European debtors could not pay in full and that the Americans would have to be taxed to pay the interest on our war loans to the richest and most powerful nations in the world.

By JAY FRANKLIN

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By the middle of November it was obvious that the debtors didn't fear the collision in the least. Greece defaulted on $445,000 due and Hungary said she couldn't pay $40,000. The British and French governments, liable to pay us $95,000,000 and $19,000,000 respectively, sent notes to Washington pointing out that times were hard, that they had arranged to do without German reparations, and that it would be a good idea to reconsider all the debt settlements.

Similar requests for postponement were made by Belgium, Poland, and Czechoslovakia. The situation was so serious that President Hoover promptly telegraphed Governor Roosevelt, requesting his coöperation in the sudden crisis.

Italy stayed out of the cancellation picture and arranged to pay on December 15, while Estonia, Latvia, and Poland had already arranged to postpone payment of principal. Only after prolonged diplomatic bickering did Great Britain decide to pay. The counting of the ballots in the Roosevelt landslide was still going on when the war debtors deposited the debt-reduction baby on the doorstep of the defeated administration, and the game began.

Only a stubborn resistance in Congress prevented the game being lost at the outset. Even so, our refusal to postpone the December payments led to a quick shift at Geneva, where the League of Nations threw our Manchurian policy into the scrap basket, with the support of Great Britain, our chief debtor. Score one for Europe!

The rules of this game are perfectly simple. It is obvious that Germany's payment of reparations has no relation to the Allied responsibility for their debts. It may affect their capacity to pay, but not their liability. It is also as obvious as the Washington Monument that the European nations have decided that the debts are not going to be paid. It is also and finally obvious that the United States has no intention of canceling the debts just because it might be a nice thing to do. There remains only the prospect of an entirely new deal in war debts to prevent an ugly and disgraceful squabble between the greatest nations in Western civilization.

A NEW deal in war debts does not imply cancellation, but it must imply consideration of all of the elements involved.

First of all, let's take a look at the basis of the debts. The Allies were fighting our battles against Germany at the time when some of the loans were made. That is obvious. America and the Allies may have had different objects in the World War, but we all wanted to beat Germany. The money we loaned them not only helped to smash Kaiserism but has saved us billions of dollars in national-defense expenditure since the Armistice. The money we loaned the Allies after the Armistice, however, was designed to help the Allies reconstruct themselves for peace.

We should be ready to consider dividing the war debts into pre-Armistice and post-Armistice loans and to set up different standards of treatment and modes of payment. This practical consideration is necessary if we are to get anywhere at all with the emotional and sentimental side of the question—which is of necessity the most important side in any political controversy.

The suggestion is here made that we should not charge a cent of interest on the war loans made before the Armistice and that any interest on these loans which has already been paid should be applied to reduce the principal of these pre-Armistice loans. The balance on these loans should be made available in small annual installments, and might be used, as in the case of the Chinese Boxer Rebellion money, to send foreign students through American universities and American students through European universities. The post-Armistice loans should be treated on a commercial basis and paid with interest over a practical period in relation to capacity to pay. We should deal with individual debtors, not a united front.

THE next point in a new debt deal is that we must make it possible for our debtors to pay us. There are only three ways in which international debts can be paid—with gold, with goods, or with special services. The war debts can't be paid with gold (except in the case of France). We cannot afford to accept twelve billion dollars' worth of goods in excess of what we sell abroad. The most we could do along this line would be to negotiate special tariff agreements.

We can't get much in the form of services—shipping, insurance, tourist, etc.—without destroying our merchant marine or leading to wild fluctuations in our balance of payments. The most we could do would be to let the debt payments pile up in special accounts in the debtor countries and to use these accounts to invest in local industries or to help American exports.

As this would give the American Government a mortgage in the national wealth of our debtors or control of their foreign trade, it would be dangerous and undesirable. Imagine the row if, say, the American Treasury agent in London foreclosed a mortgage on some British factory!

So we can't collect our debts. We can't accept payment of these debts. We won't cancel the debts. There is only one solution to this puzzle.

We should offer to give our debtors a new deal based on their individual necessities, their capacity to pay and their capacity to transfer payments into the United States Treasury. We should not cancel a cent of the principal but should prepare to revise every debt-funding agreement which we have signed with our war debtors.

When they can pay us, they should; when they can't, we would be fools to pretend that they can or should.

In return for this concession we should use our present position of control over their foreign credit as a pawn in the great game of world politics. We are worried—and rightly worried—over Japan in Manchuria. France has shown a curiously friendly attitude toward Japan during the latter's great lawless raid in Asia. If we moderate our debt agreement with France, there is no reason why the French should not give more positive support to peace and order in the Far East. The British Government has been drifting into an anti-American economic policy and has recently been playing a peculiar game with Japan. If we moderate our debt agreement with the British, there are lots of petty disputes which they ought to settle: disputes over consuls, over cruisers, over oil fields, over trading rights, over commercial propaganda. The British might also be expected to reënforce peace in Asia. Italy has been consistently friendly toward us for the last ten years. There is nothing we need ask of Italy other than a pledge to keep the peace and not to injure our established trade. The same is true of our other debt settlements.

If the American government, under the guidance of Franklin Roosevelt, can muster the courage and wisdom to handle the war debts not as a source of national income but as a part of our foreign policy, the new deal in war debts can bring about the end of European ill will toward us, the preservation of peace in the Far East, and the orderly reconstruction of Europe.

Better still, if we encourage our debtors to act toward us as we acted when we were a war debtor, we can use the debts to save the credit structure of the world and, at the same time, to scale down the burden of internal as well as foreign debt, which is the greatest problem of our time.

In other words, we can use orderly debt revision abroad as the beginning of an orderly revision of the two hundred billion dollars of domestic debt in the United States. For if cancellation begins abroad it cannot be stopped at home. But the world is tired of unreasonably heavy debts and is more than tired of the bankers' parrot cry that debts contracted when wheat sold for two dollars a bushel must be paid with wheat selling for forty-three cents a bushel.

The only answer is a new deal on all debts, and we might as well begin with the war debts. Until we reduce them we shall never reduce our own.

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

1—What is a rune?

2—What is slip ware?

3—In a painting what is the penumbra?

4—What society in the eleventh century resembled the modern Red Cross?

5—What is lapis lazuli?

6—What is a fresco?

7—What are three English words that end in *dous?*

8—What is sealing wax made of?

9—How many trips did Christopher Columbus make to America?

10—Where is the Gulf of Aden?

11—For what is Fleet Street in London noted?

12—What bird is associated with halcyon?

13—What and where is Angkor?

14—What is goldbeater's skin?

15—What was the former name of Tokyo?

16—Who was the first Christian martyr?

17—What pen name is used by Willard Huntington Wright?

18—What are the inhabitants of Savoy called?

19—What is meerschaum?

20—What does the word igneous mean?

(Answers will be found on page 43)

What is the safe way to prevent bleeding of the gums?

(See page 43 for the answer)

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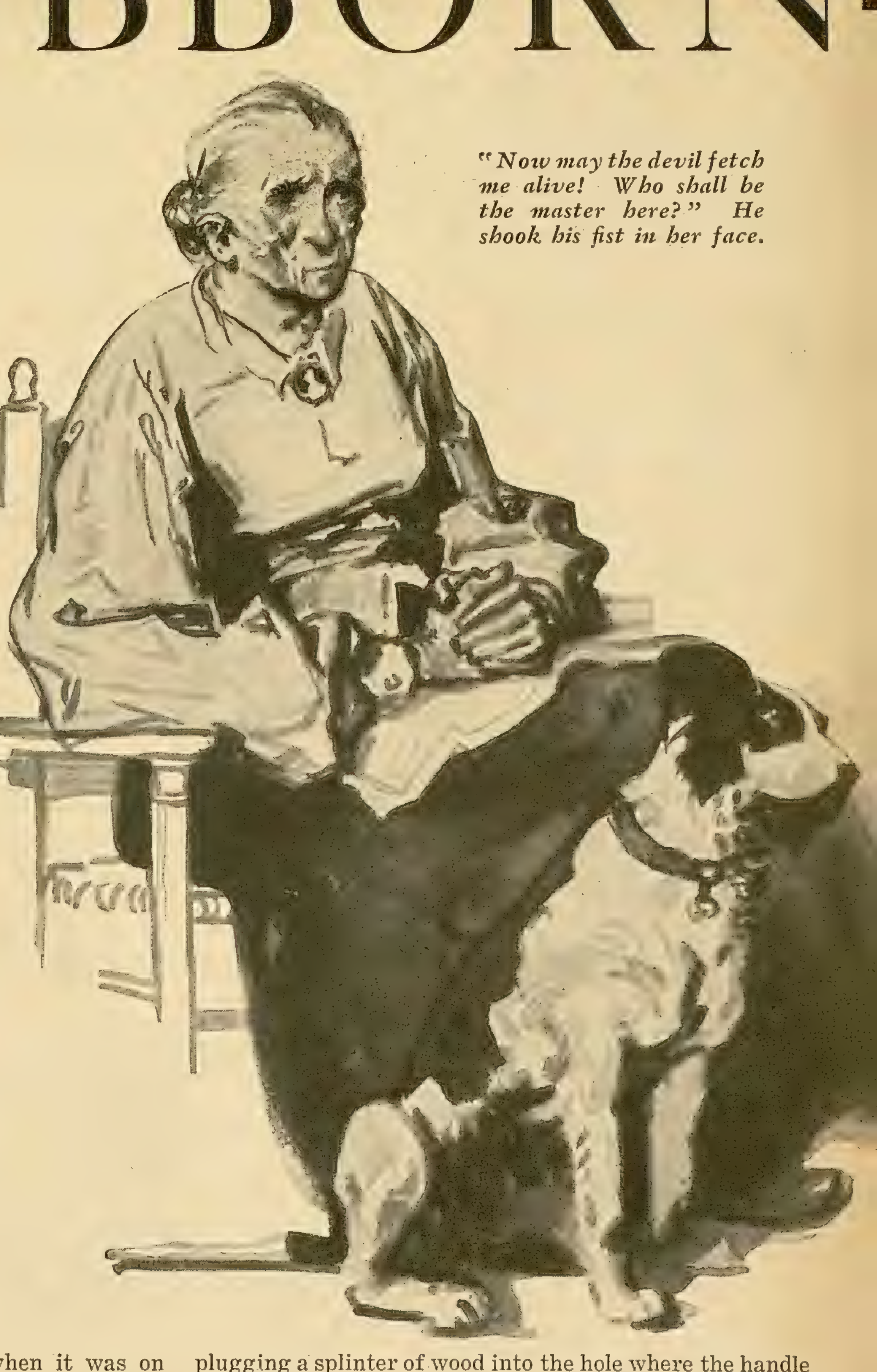
STUBBORN-

A Tale of a Five-Dollar Bill and the Change It Brought to a Household



"Now may the devil fetch me alive! Who shall be the master here?" He shook his fist in her face.

(Reading time: 26 minutes 35 seconds.)

NATHANIEL GREENAWALD and Elisabet, his wife, were a pair of worn-out Pennsylvania Dutch farmers. On their marriage certificate, that was framed and hung above the head of their bed like some austere official license, in their birth records and family Bibles, in a few deeds and orphans' court proceedings, their names appeared as Nathaniel and Elisabet; but for all workaday purposes they were known for sixty years as Sannie and Betz.

Their ten children were grown up and had gone from home for themselves. The old folks lived alone in a stone house, with thirty stony acres of cleared land and ten or twelve acres of woodland, in the shadow of the Blue Mountains in Lehigh County, just across from the Berks County line.

Among their scant possessions was a teakettle that had come to them as a part of the wife's *hausssteir* (dowry) from her father when they first set up housekeeping forty years ago. This teakettle was a thick black heavy cast-iron affair. Its handle was a shiny strip of iron barely half an inch in width and very thin, without any arrangement to keep it upright or any insulation to keep it cool to the touch. Naturally, the handle always lay down against the side of the teakettle and the handle always got as hot or hotter than any other part of the kettle when it was on the fire.

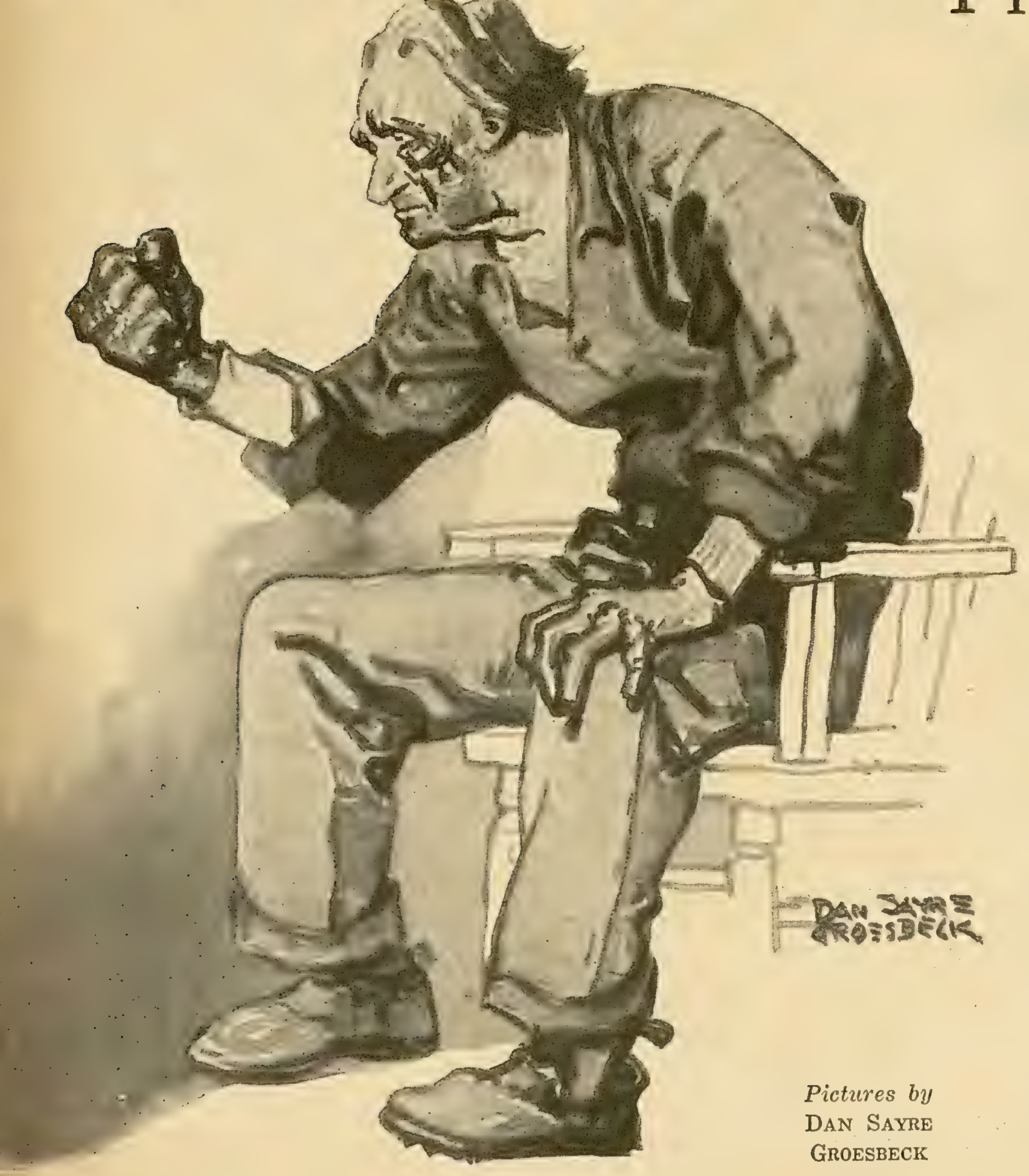
Sannie had a system for handling that hot handle. He used to take the stove lifter in his left hand and a damp dishrag in his right, pry the lifter under the handle and bring it upright (not too far or it would flop over to the other side), grasp the handle in the right hand protected by the cloth, and lift. But somehow or other he was always getting something wrong. He would overreach the protecting cloth and touch the hot metal; or he would leave a thin fold in the dishcloth through which the heat would strike; or the weight of the water would shift about in the kettle and the cloth would slip. In some way, every couple of weeks for forty years, he had managed to give himself some scald or burn. He had long ago contrived a means of saving himself blisters, by holding the handle up before setting the kettle to boil and plugging a splinter of wood into the hole where the handle was hooked on to the kettle. So arranged it would stay upright and cool enough to be lifted, with a precautionary cloth, of course, but without undue risks.

Over and over again he had demonstrated this excellent invention to his wife. Especially he wheedled her to use his safety device when she got his shaving water ready for him every Sunday morning, the one occasion in the week when he could not avoid handling the kettle. But old Betz was unalterably convinced that all his burns were due to his own stupid carelessness, and the more he insisted the less she listened.

It was Sunday morning, and there was the kettle in full steam, the handle lying down as usual and undoubtedly hot as blazes. Old Betz was pottering around in their room upstairs. Sannie had his razor stropped, his tin basin ready on the two-foot-wide window sill, his little

HEADS

A PRIZE FIRST STORY



Pictures by
DAN SAYRE
GROESBECK

By

OLIVER LENTZ

round mirror propped in the center of the window frame, and there remained only the delicate job of carrying the kettle over and pouring his basin full of shaving water.

He approached the business gingerly. He got a good grip on the thin handle—the kettle was very heavy and unusually full and the lid bobbed up and down, emitting little blobs of steam and water. He lifted slowly and cautiously, and he scalded himself a brand-new way. The base of the kettle caught on the edge of the lid hole, the kettle hung sideways, and before his agonized eyes a thin silver stream of vapory water shot out from under the lid and over the edge of the stove. He hollered almost before the drops landed on his bare feet.

" Ouch! Holy thunder! " he bawled. " Mommy, get the bake soda."

She looked him over, on her hands and knees at an empty pipe hole in the ceiling. He was hopping from one foot to the other, shaking his naked feet to cool them.

" So you did it again, you old dumb-head," she growled. " You know where it is in the corner cupboard as well as I do. Get it yourself."

Half an hour later they were seated at opposite ends of the kitchen table. Every other Sunday there were no services in the Lutheran church to which they belonged, and this was an off Sunday. On such Sundays they read a chapter out of the Bible and prayed, in dutiful observance of the day. Or rather, Sannie read, for he was the only one who could read the bold German text in the Bible that had come to him from his great-grandfather. In this sole learned accomplishment of his he took much pride and he made of it a solemn ceremony.

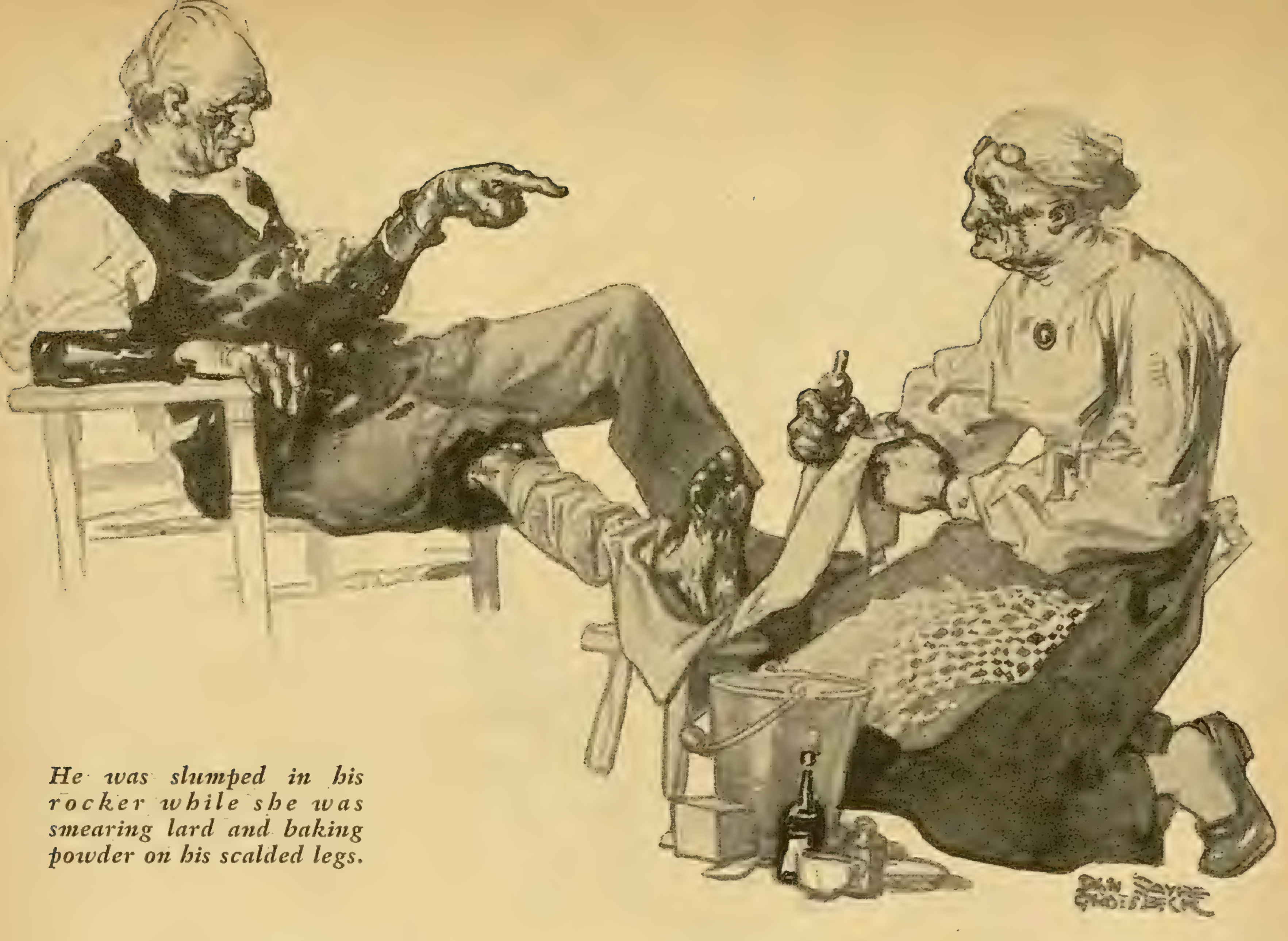
This day he proceeded to open the Book as usual, groping blindly for the near middle which would land him in the familiar province of Proverbs or Psalms; but the heavy leaves slipped in his hand and he found himself confronted with the eighth chapter of First Chronicles, the genealogy of the sons of Benjamin. But wherever his finger was led to point there he reverently must read.

Before he got through he was well snarled and growling to himself: " Such a word now I never saw in my lifetime." " That one I can't say." " Is that now an M or a W? " " What names for to call people! " " Ei, ei, you dear God, what a family! " It took him a good three quarters of an hour, and he slapped the leaves together with a bang as he intoned the final " Benjamin."

" And now, mommy, I want to tell you something," he began as he returned to the kitchen after putting the Bible back in the parlor. " Enough is enough of anything, and I have now burnt myself once too often with your old kettle.

" I have begged twenty years already you should fix that kettle Sundays for me so that the handle stands up. I showed you. It is no trouble at all. And you don't do it! It is now Sunday and I don't want to anger myself, but I will tell you the same as for Mondays. I want to have you shall fix that kettle for me next Sunday so the handle stays up."

" Ei well, then, Sannie, that I can do. But why? Me and all our ten children around here these many years, and nobody ever burns themselves but you. I can't indeed see how you do it. But just think once—such a funny-looking thing to stick a piece of wood in a teakettle that-a-way."



He was slumped in his rocker while she was smearing lard and baking powder on his scalded legs.

"'Funny,' you say. I guess you think I burn my fingers two-three times a month for fun! If you were half a wife to me you would have fixed it twenty years ago."

"If I was half a wife to you? You I have run after and waited on these forty years—"

"Run after me? How then? Forty years I keep you good, and what do I get for it? Twenty years I burn myself, and ask you one little thing like a piece of wood in the handle—"

"Twenty years you burn yourself—say forty years, you clumsy old biffel-ox."

"'Biffel-ox' you call me. Biffel-ox! I am the boss of this house and you call me a biffel-ox. Now, though, silence. Shut your mouth."

She turned away and went about her work. But the next Sunday morning and all the Sundays after that a whittled wedge held the handle of the teakettle stiffly in the air.

But she did shut her mouth. For two months she never spoke a word to him unless in answer to a direct question or command, and she never uttered his name. As for him, he spoke to her just as though nothing had happened. In fact, he spoke more than usual; for often he would have to speak as though discussing the pros and cons of things for both himself and for her.

DURING the second month of her silence Betz got a young dog. One of the grandchildren had brought it to her out of a litter of far-fetched shepherd pups. It was about six weeks old, just weaned, fat, fluffy, and playful. She called it Woodrow, as many other faithful Democrats honored their farm dogs about that time. Grover, their regular dog, who had held the job of house dog for a decade, was reminiscent of an earlier day.

One chilly night just before the first frosts the old man and woman were sitting in their kitchen. It was getting on toward eight o'clock and bedtime. The old woman sat and sewed by the red oilcloth-covered table, bending close to a squat tin coal-oil lamp. The old man took his ease in the wooden rocker covered with sheepskins, over by the stove.

"Mommy," said the old man, "you must get rid of Woodrow."

She made no answer. He gave her a quarter of an hour to think it over before he renewed the subject: "Now, mommy, Woodrow is a nice dog and I like him, but we can't keep no two dogs on the yard. Grover is enough. It costs too much for to feed two dogs all the time.

"Now understand me right—nothing for ill will. But we got to work Woodrow out of the way."

Again the old lady answered nothing. Presently she put away her sewing and carried the little dog and his box outside.

THEY knelt and prayed, one at each end of the kitchen table. She took the light and went upstairs to put on her nightclothes. In the morning he would be the first up and would light the fire before he went out to feed the stock.

Never in their forty years together had she dressed or undressed before him. When he heard the bed ropes creak he shed his few clothes on the rocker and followed in his shirt tail. But not another word that night about Woodrow.

Two nights later Sannie spoke again: "Well, mommy, did you think it over about the dog? You wouldn't answer me the other time. Now this time you make your stubborn old mouth open."

She answered sullenly, "I did think I would keep him."

"Yes, yes, old one, you did think you would *rather* keep him. I too. But now be once reasonable. Did you ever reckon what it costs to keep a dog? A pint of milk, and perhaps nearer a quart, and three-four pieces of bread I want to bet you feed him right now every day! So five-six cents a day anyhow. And when he once begins to grow right he eats twice as much. So twenty-five—thirty dollar a year. Did you ever in your life think of that?" Receiving no answer he added, "Say once now, what do you think?"

"If a dog costs so much, why do you keep Grover then?" she mumbled.

Thus meagerly encouraged, Sannie explained: "Well, now, one dog I allow you must be on a place, to help with the cows and chase the chickens and the pigs from the garden and for tramps and nights and robbers. Grover he earns his board. But two dogs would be like two wives: one can use just one, and the two must eat."

"No; you are just begrudging me. The little fellow keeps me such nice company when I am alone around the house."

"*Ach, Gott!* Be reasonable. Can a man then talk nothing with you with sense any more? Thirty-forty dollars a year for an extra dog—for such 'nice company,' for such a plaything. People like us, that have it as hard as we have, we have no business to throw money away like that. 'Nice company.' Huh!"

"You are just begrudging me."

A week later Woodrow was still around. It was a Thursday night. The old man got his musket, put on a fresh percussion cap, went outside, and fired it. He reloaded it. Then he spoke the doom of Woodrow:

"Two times have I told you you shall work Woodrow out of the way. This is now the third time that I tell you. If he is on the place Monday I shoot him."

Saturday after dinner old Betz loaded a bushel of pie apples into a topless baby coach and went away, with Woodrow toddling after. She went to the state highway a mile or so out in the valley, where her grandchildren usually displayed a variety of fruits and vegetables along the roadside for sale to the motorists. She knew the dog must go, but she was loath to part with him entirely and she intended asking them to keep him for her.

AMONG the few machines that stopped was a shiny big sedan with a six-year-old boy. One of the grandchildren had tied a red hair ribbon around Woodrow's neck, and just then the pup was on his back with his fat little belly up, pawing with all four feet and growling and biting at the ribbon. The boy instantly yearned for the dog. Betz had never dreamed of Woodrow as a salable asset, and when they asked her whether they might have him she thought they were asking her to give him to them for nothing, and she shook her head. An offer of two dollars was a shock that stupefied her past answering, and the upshot of it was that the bid went to five dollars, and Woodrow was sold—with ten cents extra for the hair ribbon.

That five-dollar bill worried the old lady. It was, by all the custom of a lifetime, her duty to put that bill in the blue sugar bowl in the corner cupboard at home, along with the egg money and other small sums which she occasionally touched. And when Sannie nosed around and found it he would of course transfer it to the central depository in the chaff bag upstairs, and that would be the last she would ever see of it. But then, this was such a peculiar and extraordinary five dollars, hers as clearly as the dog had been. Pending prayer and true enlightenment, she stuck the five-dollar bill in the family Bible in the parlor.

It would have been unbecoming to Sannie's dignity to inquire what she had done with Woodrow and it took him a week or more to find out what had become of the dog. He first heard about it one gray dawn while waiting his turn in line to deliver his half can of milk at the creamery.

The usual smart Aleck was showing off: "Say, Bill, you curly old pigtail!" he bawled to the milk weigher. "Did I tell you already? My daddy makes sale in the spring. He is going to sell out and go in the dog business. There's big money in it, they say—short hours and light work. Yes indeedy. They say the state highway runs full of such city fools that drive around buying dogs at five dollars apiece. You surely know old Sannie Greenawald— Well, well! Why, right here he is now! You can ask Sannie once. He is turned dog jockey too. He's going into it big-fashioned. Ain't? Sannie, you want to have steam heat put in your barn. Two hundred pups he raises for next spring. His old Betz has sold already a dozen dogs this fall just for a side line to her wormy apples."

SANNIE knew better than to engage in an exchange of witticisms with his tormentor. But he sensed some grain of fact in the chaff and he was eaten up with curiosity. On his way home he stopped at his son's farm and there he learned the details.

Not a word did he say all day until he and Betz were settled again in their customary places awaiting the time for prayer and bed. Then—

"What has it given of Woodrow?"

He waited a long time before he continued, "What has it given of Woodrow? You hear me. Say it to me."

"Have sold him."

"What else?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing?" he repeated after her. "You sold him Saturday a week over at the state highway and got five dollars for him. Where's the money?"

"Laid away." But the answer was slow in coming.

"You have laid it away?" This was getting a trifle thick for Sannie. "For what, then? For what have I not gotten it?" He repeated loudly, "Say now, for what have I not gotten it?"

"Shan't have it, either," she snapped.

If she had picked up the lamp and thrown it at him he could not have been more astounded than he was at her answer. Befuddled beyond what little tact he might have had, he blustered:

"I shan't have it? What for craziness do you talk? Since when does any money come in this house that does not belong to me? Go instantly and get those five dollars, and don't be slow about it!"

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The woman neither moved nor answered. She sat with bowed head, looking down at her hands squeezed together in her lap. Sannie shouted at her: “Move yourself, I tell you! Get it.”

Presently she looked up at him, level and cool, defiant. Brokenly and slowly at first she spoke: “I know not, God willing, what right is to do. These forty years have I worked for this man, and never no time have I had more than a few pennies at one time to spend on myself. Never he gives me anything without that I beg. And now I have this nice piece of money, so almost like a present dropped in my lap from the skies, and he wants to take it from me.” Her grievances had loosened her tongue; she was speaking fast and her voice had risen to a shrill wail:

“My horrible old quilted black sunbonnet! I had still thought sometime before I die I would buy myself a hat like other women, and perhaps a pair of nice black stockings and two-three such ten-cent white snuffrags. It's everlasting not right that he takes this money away from me!”

Here was the parting of the ways and Sannie took the wrong one. Scared and angry at her unbelievable challenge to his authority, he undertook to browbeat her again:

“Go me away with such dumbness! You want to spend money for a hat and for stockings and for snuffrags, and I shall scratch it together. Since when am I a millionaire? Thirty years have I worn my old black suit to church and funerals. Three white snuffrags I have now ten years out of your underskirt that Grover tore up when he was a pup. My old black hat that is now green moldy what I wore to our wedding. Three years now I haven't got a hundred dollars together to pay on the mortgage—such dried-up crops and twenty cents a bushel for potatoes. And now you want to keep another dog for ‘such nice company’ to eat up my money—”

“'Tain't your money. Would have shot him, and then where would the money have been?”

“'Tis my money!” He was shouting and leaning forward in his chair. “Go get it.”

“And when I don't do it?”

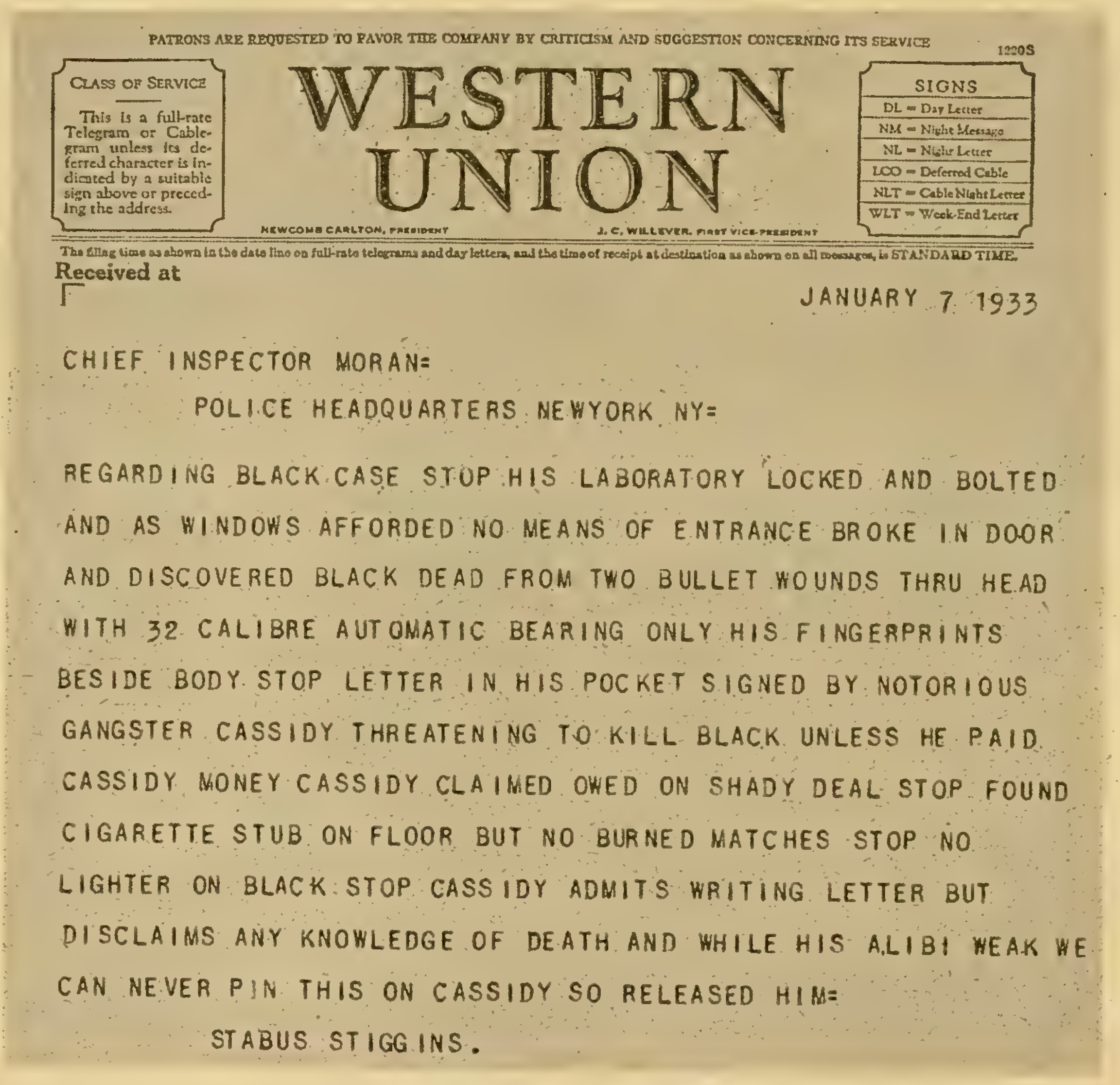
“And when you don't do it? Now may the devil fetch me alive if you do not! Who shall be the master here, I or you?” He shook his fist in her face. “Now instantly—get it. Get it!”

She hung her head. She looked at him steadily from under her bushy brows, and then stood up, pushing his fist aside. “It is now enough. Ten children have I carried for you--and you want to hit me. That I will not take from any living person. The money you shall have. But touch me never again and speak me not another word so long as I live.”

“It is whole-heartedly promised!” he screamed.

DETECTOGRAM

Professor Stiggins, world-renowned criminologist, has assisted the police of many cities in the solution of baffling crimes. One of his eccentricities is his flat refusal to write reports. He even conducts his social correspondence by telegraph. Sometimes this is a bit trying on his associates, as he delights in making them somewhat baffling, although absolutely clear. Below is one of his telegraphic reports. In it is every fact and clue necessary to solution—and it has only one possible answer. How long will it take *you* to solve it?



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REGARDING BLACK CASE STOP HIS LABORATORY LOCKED AND BOLTED AND AS WINDOWS AFFORDED NO MEANS OF ENTRANCE BROKE IN DOOR AND DISCOVERED BLACK DEAD FROM TWO BULLET WOUNDS THRU HEAD WITH 32 CALIBRE AUTOMATIC BEARING ONLY HIS FINGERPRINTS BESIDE BODY STOP LETTER IN HIS POCKET SIGNED BY NOTORIOUS GANGSTER CASSIDY THREATENING TO KILL BLACK UNLESS HE PAID CASSIDY MONEY CASSIDY CLAIMED OWED ON SHADY DEAL STOP FOUND CIGARETTE STUB ON FLOOR BUT NO BURNED MATCHES STOP NO LIGHTER ON BLACK STOP CASSIDY ADMITS WRITING LETTER BUT DISCLAIMS ANY KNOWLEDGE OF DEATH AND WHILE HIS ALIBI WEAK WE CAN NEVER PIN THIS ON CASSIDY SO RELEASED HIM=

STABUS STIGGINS.

The solution will appear in next week's issue.

She went into the parlor, got the bill, laid it on the table, and went out of the house. She walked two miles to their son's farm.

As to the reason for her coming she said nothing except “He wanted to hit me.” To all further questions she said simply, “Ask him.”

Three days Sannie stewed in rising anger. Now indeed his manhood was belittled before all the world. For the rest of his life people would talk behind his back about the time old Betz Greenawald walked off from her husband. Some tremendous, awesome gesture he must think up to save his damaged dignity.

The morning of the fourth day his son Eph arrived. He discovered the desolate old man sitting on a log behind the barn. They talked slowly and sparingly about the weather, the condition of the crops, with hardly a glance at one another.

It was only after Eph had risen and twice stated that he must be going that he came to his subject:

“The mommy is by me.”

“So?”

“Since four days.”

“So?”

“What ails her?”

“Don't she know?”

And there the conversation stuck till Eph began again:

“Well, all I know is that it is a shame that two such old fools like you two should fight and live apart.”

“What does she say?”

“Nothing, only you wanted to hit her.”

“It's a lie. Anyhow, it's nobody's business.”

“Nobody's business? How do you make that out? How do you think I and my wife and my boys and girls like it when pretty soon all the people know that granddaddy and grandmommy live together like cats and dogs? You must go together again. I haul her back tomorrow.”

The old man raised his hand. “Stop once! You do not haul her on to this place. Nobody shall stick his nose in our affairs, you or anybody else. What happened between us we settle our own way. She walked off of her own dumb stubborn-head and she can walk back the same way. I didn't tell her to go and I will never coax her to come back.”

The old man considered a while, and then he delivered himself of the solemn pronouncement, the grand gesture, which his injured pride demanded: “Now this much you can go back and tell her. Now listen once. Any time she wants to she can come back. But alone she went and alone she comes back. And from now on she must understand that I am the boss in my own house. And now still another thing.

“Until my tongue rots in my mouth I speak not one word to her except she speaks first to me by name and calls me boss. And that is sworn.” . . .

The following Sunday morning she walked into the kitchen while he was shaving. Without a word she went upstairs and put on her Sunday dress. He hitched up and they drove to church together.

But from that day, for eleven years, not a word was spoken by either of these old people directly to the other.

At first they used signs for unavoidable communications, pointing and waving and nodding. Sannie presently supplemented signs with a slate to which he tied a pencil.

But as both of them were unable to write more than their names in script, they were restricted to scratching out their messages in words of capital roman letters and improvised spelling, Dutch, English, with signs and crude diagrams and drawings to help out.

During the sixth winter of sign and slate Sannie invented an improvement. He was sitting in his rocker one Friday night. Grover had gone to his reward, and at the old man's feet lay a new Grover, formally called Grover Two.

VAGUE and drowsy thoughts gloomed undefined in his consciousness, presently clarifying themselves and centering about a certain hen that he had marked for the pot. He became actively aware that he wanted something good to eat, chicken for his Sunday dinner. He began to frame his message to old Betz. He would spell CHICKEN on the slate; then he would go to the calendar and point to Sunday and point to his open mouth. He would do it after a while. It was an irksome job. He was half asleep again when the great invention revealed itself to his instantly awakened mind. He sat up and looked for the dog.

“Grover,” he said. He was hoarse with fright at his own daring, and he coughed in embarrassment. “Grover, don't you think it is about time that we would have again chicken for our Sunday dinner?”

Grover Two was amazed, and he raised his head quickly and rapped the floor with his tail. But old Betz kept on paring potatoes, cutting a trifle thick and unsteadily perhaps, but without any outward show of perturbation.

After a time Sannie made a fresh attempt.

“Grover,” he began, “you know that undersized old black cluck that hatched out her nest two years ago in the rail pile in the pasture?

“I don't believe she lays any more an egg in two weeks and she eats like two others. Two Sundays now we had boiled speck and dried string beans. Wouldn't you like once to chaw a few chicken bones again?”

Grover unmistakably approved; he tapped quite a tattoo with his tail. But old Betz was grimly silent.

When they had prayed and she had the lamp in her hand, ready to go to bed, he made a last despairing effort:

“NOW, Grover—now stop once a minute; now don't be in such a fuss. Now say once, what shall I do? Shall I kill the old cluck tomorrow—and pick her?”

By all the custom of that house of fixed precedents, beheaded the chicken was delivered to the kitchen door by the man, and the scalding, plucking, and singeing of the chicken was the work of the woman. That Sannie should offer to pick a chicken was an astonishing departure.

She hesitated, put down the lamp, and scratched on the slate YES.

At such small price was happiness and victory won. For six years they had struggled along like a pair of uneducated deaf-mutes, and for the next five years, before they spoke freely again to one another, they got on very well through Grover Two as intermediary. Even when the dog was abroad on affairs of his own, pride was satisfied so long as the form of the communication included some address or reference to the absent Grover Two, usually referred to informally as Grover.

But such was the quality of their firmness that never was the “Grover” quite omitted in even the shortest expressions.

It was “Yah, Grover”; “Nay, Grover”; “*Verleicht*, Grover”; and never “Yah” or “Nay.”

It led to incessant absurdities, of course. Thus, the butter being soft, Sannie would declare, “Grover, your butter tastes as strong as an old sheep buck again. What have we a spring house for? Couldn't you once in a summer carry it out to the spring between meals?”

Or he would bawl from the barnyard: “Grover, hurry yourself; shut your windows and get the wash in—it comes a thunder weather.” Or perhaps it might be Betz who would speak:

“Grover Two, now three weeks I tell you already about that hole in the garden fence. This forenoon the old

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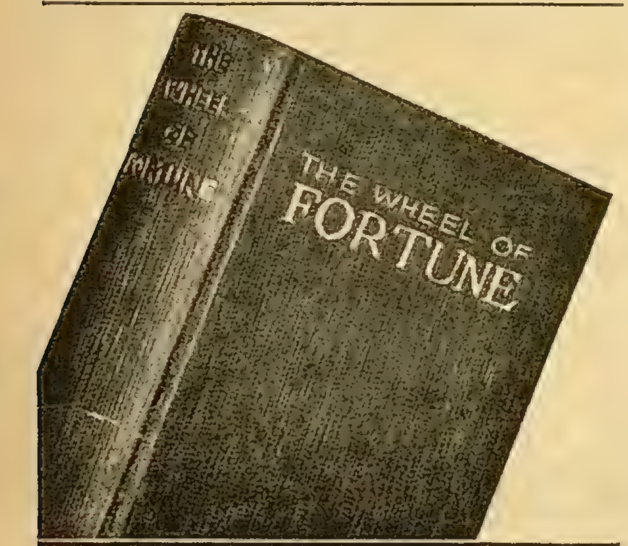

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sow was in again with all her eleven young ones. All of my red beets they have rooted up. I can't get my work done at all when I the whole time must chase pigs."

Or maybe some tailoring to be done and Sannie would call attention from his rocker: "Grover, did you mind I burst the hinder part of my overalls? Can you mend me a patch in the seat before you go to bed?"

But neither one of them ever perceived in the slightest degree the ludicrousness of their behavior.

A decade brought little change in their appearance and none in their lives. Their figures became a little more stooped, their fingers more incurved and stiffened, their joints more swollen and rheumatic, and their movements ever slower and more difficult. But at seventy they still carried on the same changeless routine of daily duties that they had observed at sixty, at fifty, their whole lives long.

OLIVER LENTZ

the author of this story, was born in Berks County, Pennsylvania, and graduated from Dickinson Law School, at Carlisle in the same state. Except for war service and a brief period following this, he has been a practicing attorney in Reading since his admission to the bar. He is married, has two grown-up daughters, and he says his hobbies are firearms and hiking.

One cloud had shadowed them. Sannie was getting cataracts on both eyes. Sometimes in darkening light or doubtful places Betz led him by the hand. But this they accepted with the same uncomplaining fortitude with which they met shriveling drought or freezing winter. It would cost them one hundred dollars for his operation when the cataracts were "ripe." Three years they had been saving and the money would be in the chaff bag when the time came. Somehow they always managed.

IT was another Sunday morning in the twelfth year of their stubbornness. The old teakettle was boiling and bubbling, its handle wedged and upright. Betz was upstairs and Sannie had his shaving kit ready. He peeringly adjusted the wet dishrag to his hand and lifted the kettle.

As he groped toward the window ledge the hook by which the handle was fastened to the kettle, thinned and rusted by fifty years of use and weakened by the constant wedging, broke at the wooden plug. A thin sheet of scalding water poured on his legs and bare feet. He swung and threw the kettle away, and staggering about blindly in pain he fell over the dog. In falling he struck his head on the edge of the table.

The clash and clatter of the thrown kettle, the crash of the falling body, and the howls of the scalded dog brought old Betz downstairs on the run. There lay Sannie in the middle of the floor, the blood spurting from a triangular rip in his forehead, his overalls steaming, completely unconscious.

She dragged him away from the puddle and in ten minutes she had his head roughly bandaged, his face washed, and he was slumped barelegged in his rocker, his head on his shoulder, his eyes shut, while she was smearing lard and baking powder on his scalded legs and feet, scraping raw potatoes to plaster them with, and tearing up an old sheet to wrap them in. And all the time she was babbling along in a frightened monologue:

"Oh, you God, Dawdy, say then something. Sannie, Sannie, Sannie, what have you then made again? What has it then given?

"You poor, blind old bat! Aie, aie, aie, what have you then done? How did you then fall? Aie, you dear Heaven, Sannie, can you not talk to me?"

The old man mumbled without raising his head: "Grover, it seems to me somebody calls my name. Somebody calls me 'Sannie.' Not?"

OLD Betz was on her knees wrapping and pinning and tying his bandages, and her only answer was a big sniff that heaved her shoulders as twin tears rolled down her nose.

"Grover," the old man called—and the dog let out a whimper of fright and pain.

"Grover Two, who is nowadays the boss around here?"

"Ach, you stubborn old mule," she quavered. "Grover says you are the boss already fifty years."

"That's pretty good for a dog, Grover. But what says my woman?"

"Well, Grover, if I must I guess I must. I say so too."

"Now, mommy, you got your right senses back again."

The stiff denim of his overalls had not held much of the boiling water and the scald of his feet was but an instant's splash, and in a half hour he was fairly comfortable with his legs and feet hugely wrapped up in lard, potato pulp, baking soda, and soft old rags.

As he lay in the rocker with his feet lifted on another chair, as his nerves settled and his pains eased, Sannie found himself filled with a rising glow of well-being. He was the boss again.

An unaccustomed kindliness swelled within him. He opened his whitened eyes and said:

"Mommy, about your damned old teakettle, now. Throw him out. That bedeviled old iron lump is dangerous. We buy a new one over in the iron store at New Tripoli. A nice big teakettle from what they call this alumynun, so light you can hold him with the little finger, and a handle that stands up from himself, with a black wooden grip that not the dumbest person in the world all his life could burn the fingers. And you do look like the devil in your old black sunbonnet, so perhaps too we buy ourselves a nice new flower hat for Sundays."

THE END

To the LADIES!

By

PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

linguist, friend of the famous in Europe, and descendant of the first czar of Russia

(Reading time: 4 minutes 35 seconds.)

WILL BEEBE can tell one fish from another. Down to the tiniest differences of form or temperament he knows them. Yet they all taste alike to him. "They lose their individuality in the frying pan," he says. "I eat all kinds of fish and never know the difference."

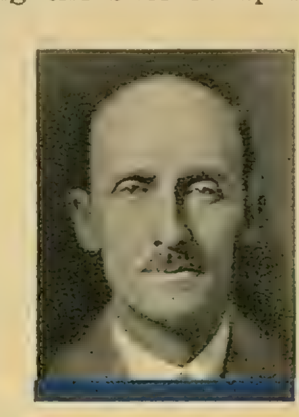
Dr. Beebe has recently returned from his annual expedition to the submarine regions of Bermuda. We had a talk in his New York apartment.

What a room! The walls hung with Javanese batiks, with carved and inlaid woods from the Orient. Bronze idols and globes of *cloisonné* topping the shelves upon shelves of scientific books. What a Waterloo for housewifery! No woman ever could keep it tidy.

First we talked about fish.

"Certainly they have ears," Dr. Beebe informed me. "They have great big eardrums floating in liquid inside their heads. Proportionately, fish are many times more sensitive to sound than we are."

Fishes sleep. They slumber on their sides. Because they have no eyelids, they bury their heads in the sand. Some fish mate for life. A pair will build a submarine bungalow and stick to it no matter what.


William Beebe

Dr. Beebe has been down under the sea six hundred times in a diver's helmet, and twelve times in the bathysphere—the big iron globe pumped full of air, in which he goes down half a mile.

As a cure for enlargement of the human ego, he thinks every one of us should gaze at the stars through a telescope once in a while, or go down in his bathysphere and visit the fishes. So many stars, so many fish. "The bigness of unknown worlds!" he says. "Scares you a bit. Makes you friendlier with your human neighbor."

A public planetarium—star observatory—would be one of the best institutions, he thinks, that New York City could acquire.

Here's a funny thing about explorers such as Dr. Beebe. New York is so full of disease germs—grippe, flu, and the like—that all the explorers count on being laid up for at least two weeks after they get back here from their unpolluted outlands. People who live in New York right along become largely immune to the germs. "It takes me just two weeks," says Dr. Beebe, "to get safely filled with New York germs again."

THE much-discussed appearance of Lillian Gish on the New York stage has reminded a man I know of an adventure of his youth. He was a poor American student newly arrived in Paris. He settled in a cheap *pension*—boarding house. On the first evening of his stay there, tragic sounds came to him from the next room.

A girl was in dreadful trouble. Her sobs were devastating. She was imploring someone, begging, beseeching someone, in a flood of mournful French.

The young American, unable to sleep, took his dictionary and looked up the words she spoke. He looked up enough of them to find out what it was all about. A man was in there with her—obviously a lover who had broken her heart and cast her aside. The man was a beast. He answered not a word to her tragic pleadings. Her appeal to him ended in a spasm of horrible coughing.

The young American couldn't stand it any longer. He strode across the hall and knocked at the door of the poor girl's room. She was all alone. A young actress she was, rehearsing the title rôle of Camille—that tearful old French *dramma* Lillian Gish has been performing.

PS. The young American married the girl in the next room. He is one of our leading playwrights now, and his marriage has been ideally happy.

WE have many legends of ghosts who walk and wail on New Year's Eve. Often I've wondered if these legends did not originate, at least in part, from the *mood* in which so many people find themselves as they watch the old year pass away. There are always troubles enough to haunt us if we keep our thoughts confined in the spooky old mansion of memory.

So I'm wishing you a happy, ghostless New Year. May you meet it with your eyes turned forward!

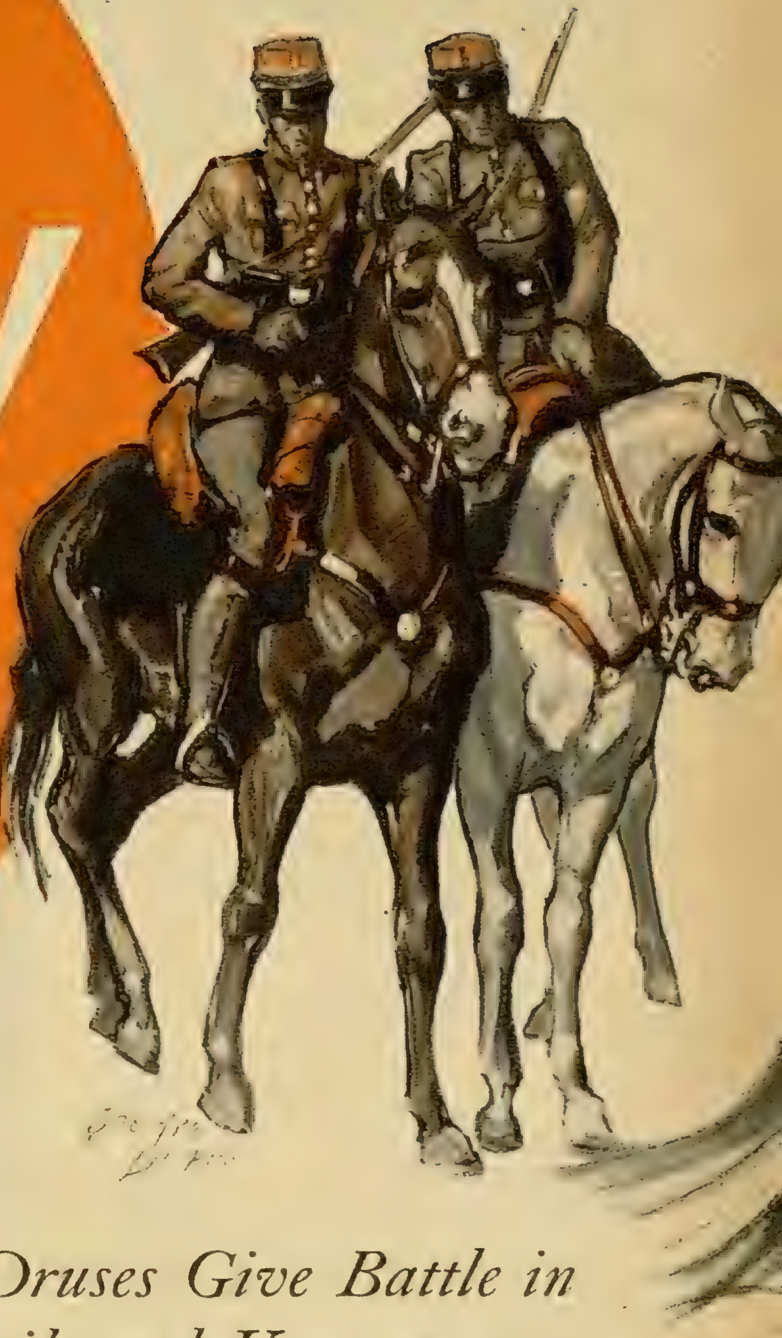
HERE'S a neat little sample of fashion's frailty. The gowns and jewels that the government took away from Peggy Hopkins Joyce ten years ago, when she forgot to declare them on entering this country, have just been sold at auction. Worth hundreds, and in perfect condition, the wardrobe brought sixty-four dollars. The jewels, valued at fourteen thousand, fetched about a thousand. Too bad that Uncle Sam can't sell confiscated finery before the styles change!

DINNER WITH JAMES is an entertaining story, and Rose Henniker Heaton has tucked in lots of party ideas any hostess can use. New things to eat, too. (Dutton.)

ONE of the prettiest belts I've seen this season does duty also as a necklace. It is worn with a tobacco-brown dress of silk jersey. You can copy it quite easily.

Just a silk cord as thick as your little finger, and of the same color as the dress. Twist a fine silver cord around the silk cord at four-inch distances, making five or six turns. Twist it tight. Finish the ends with long silk tassels.

HELL Hounds!



By

EX-LEGIONNAIRE 1384

In collaboration with

W. J. BLACKLEDGE

Illustrations by CHARLES DE FEO

Storming the Gates of Damascus—The Druses Give Battle in "The Street Called Straight"—She-Devils and Vengeance—McCann Falls in Love—The Mesme Blunder

(Reading time: 27 minutes 55 seconds.)

THE episode of the "lost garrison" of Ammasine, a lonely outpost fort in Morocco that seemed inexplicably deserted when the Fifth Squadron arrived to relieve its defenders, but proved to have been entered by the Riffs through a tunnel and to have been the scene of a midnight massacre, was completed by Ex-Legionnaire 1384 in last week's installment of Hell Hounds! He told how the enemy, creeping up to the tunnel's mouth under cover of darkness, were received with machine-gun fire; how next day they shelled and stormed the fort until a relief column arrived; and how the upshot was an heroic and tragic retreat, in which the rescuing Tunisians and the rescued Legionnaires fought their way back to Fez against odds of three hundred to one.

He told also of a comic incident, in which Marcelle of "the Pit" gave McCann, his American sidekick, the run-around most shamefully. At the close of the installment the Fifth Squadron was off to Syria "to meet the Jebel Druses, certainly the most ferocious race on earth."

PART FIVE—THE VEILED PRINCESS

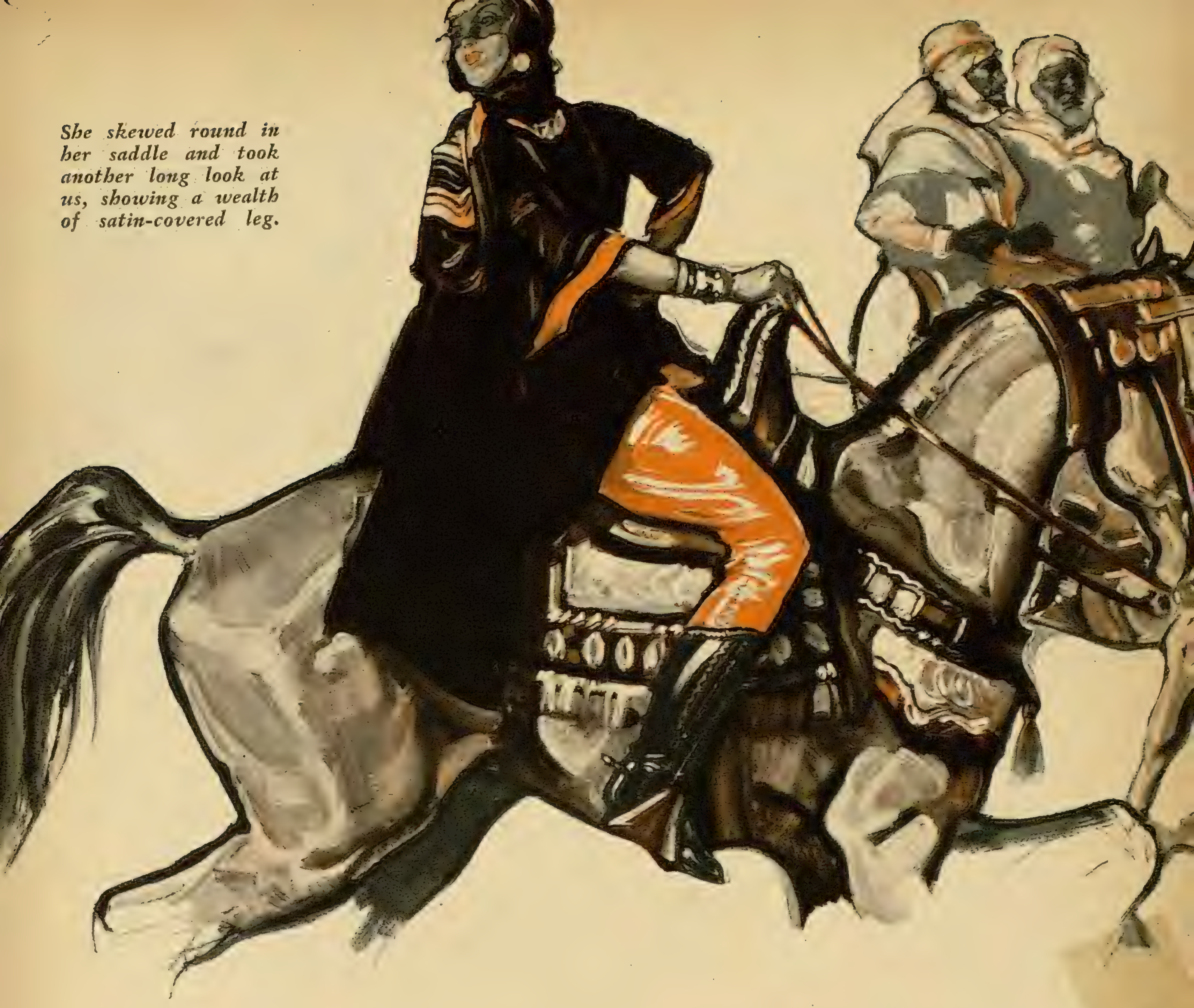
WHO and what are the Druses? Nobody knows. They are an extraordinary people who show allegiance to no other power. Their kingdom is in the north of Syria, comprising the whole of the southern range of Mount Lebanon and the western slope of Anti-Lebanon. Nearly half of the Druse nation inhabit the Jebel Druse, a mountainous district to the southwest of Damascus. In the days of Turkish rule they were constantly at war with the Turks, and since the protectorate came under French control their attitude has remained unaltered.

According to their own tradition, they were originally Arab tribes from Yemen who migrated to Mesopotamia, thence to the neighborhood of Aleppo, and later, farther south. Another tradition connects them with China. Still another traces their origin to the Kurds, with whom, after the second captivity of Israel, Esarhaddon repeopled Samaria. More than a thousand years later the Mardi, a warlike tribe of Persian extraction, were sent into the country by Constantine IV. The Arabs also, in sweeping through the mountain fastnesses, left a permanent impression upon them. So, too, did their association with the Turks.

Consider, then, this hybrid mixture—Kurds, Mardi, Arabs, and in all probability Chinese, a regular conglomeration of various races of Mohammedans and the very pick of the fighting tribes of those races, and you have the combination that forms the modern Druses. What they do not know about the horrors of war is not knowable. There is no other race on earth, I am convinced, that can be so ferocious, so utterly fearless, and so callously brutal in the interests of their racial principles and religion.

When, therefore, you have such a race at war with the equally ferocious and brutal French Foreign Legion—what sort of situation is likely to ensue?

The Syrian revolution into which we so unwarily



She skewed round in her saddle and took another long look at us, showing a wealth of satin-covered leg.

stumbled had its origin in Souider, the very heart of the Jebel Druses' country. A French governor had been sent there with a detachment of 600 troops. But it appeared he did not fully appreciate the delicacy of his mission. There were complaints of harsh and unjust treatment. The independent spirit of the Druses revolted against the idea of being under the heel of anyone. They were not to be dictated to by the French.

One memorable night the Druses rose in massed numbers and massacred every man in the Souider citadel, including the governor himself. Down on the plains the Bedouins took advantage of the confusion. As the French were unprepared, having neither sufficient troops nor guns, looting and pillaging was rife. The Druses were at war with the French; the Bedouin Christians fought the Mohammedans and the Druses; the Mohammedans fought the Druses, the Bedouins, and the French! A more bloodthirsty and chaotic situation could not be imagined.

At first Damascus was peaceful, and it is probable that the Druses' quarter would have remained quiet had it not been for the high-handedness and generally insulting behavior of the French troops, especially in regard to the Druse and Mohammedan women who wore the veil. The result was they rose like one man, and started to fight French, Bedouin, and Mohammedan. The general commanding the troops in Damascus clamored for reënforcements. And so we were rushed from Beirut to Damascus.

Our first glimpse of that beautiful and highly colored city was somewhat hurried and rather hectic, since we were engaged in storming the North Gate, with the purpose of fighting our way through the streets to the assistance of the French troops and the Senegalese who were more or less imprisoned in the Citadel. The city was in a state of siege. We did not know who was enemy and who friend. The beautiful gardens gained our attention only because they held snipers.

At the North Gate Captain Dupont decided to send a party of a dozen men to reconnoiter. McCann and I and our two friends Scora and Cheyes were included in the patrol. We went along the streets at a walk-march. There was little to be seen. It was all too quiet, too sinister for so gay and colorful a city.

FROM the distance came the sounds of firing, the rapid shooting of Mausers and machine guns. We proceeded cautiously, feeling that at any moment fire would break out upon us. The sergeant who led us was making for the "street called Straight," as being the extent of his reconnoiter. We were rounding a corner into this historic thoroughfare when a volley greeted us. Some of our men pitched from their saddles, horses screamed, but, along with others, I managed to turn about and race toward the shelter of a building.

There we turned and faced the mob. It was our first taste of the Jebel Druses, and it looked as if half their forces were concentrated on that corner. They descended upon us, one mad rush, yelling and foaming at the mouth, screaming "Down with the infidels! Drive the French to the sea!" They certainly drove us back. There was nothing for it but to gallop back the way we had come. We went along the streets as if chased by ten thousand devils, the bullets flying right and left.

Of the twelve men who formed that patrol, only three of us reached the North Gate again—McCann, Scora, and myself! What happened to the others, heaven alone knew. We reported to the Skipper that hundreds of Druses were charging down toward the gates. Quickly he gave the order to mount and line up for a charge against the oncoming mob. It mattered not to him how many Druses there were. His orders were to relieve the Citadel.

With saber in one hand and Mauser in the other, guiding the horses with our knees, we sailed into the oncoming hordes. Never shall I forget those screaming Druses. The noise they made was deafening. I found myself in a hand-to-hand fight with a big Druse, and my career would have ended then but for a timely shot from McCann's pistol.

Nevertheless they were too many for us. They drove us back with a loss of nearly a hundred men—dead and wounded left in the streets at the mercy of the Druses' women. We were back at the gates, but only for a few moments. The Legion is never permitted to take No for an answer. We had hardly got ourselves into shape again when Captain Dupont gave the order to charge.

Once again we rushed toward that bunch of screaming maniacs, the Skipper yelling at the top of his voice: "*Vive la Légion! Vive la Légion!*" and ordering his "dirty pigs and dogs" to charge and fight like the Legion! We did, cutting in, slashing and firing like so many madmen. And this time we succeeded in cutting our way through the Druses massed in the narrow streets, right up to the Citadel itself, where we were joined by that famous fighting cavalry, the Spahis Moroccan. Never were we more thankful to see that mob. We entered the Citadel with them and joined the rest of the French troops. I had the temerity to ask Captain Dupont what we were to do about the wounded left in the streets. He turned to me, his eyes still wild, blood trickling down his cheek.

"To hell with the wounded!" he cried. "The Druses have them, and by this time are tearing them limb from limb. Barrington, *nom d'un chien*, when you know the Druses as I do, you won't ask such fool questions!"

I turned away, feeling a bit sick. The Druses, then, were much of a pattern with the Riffs, only more so. And we had heard such wonderful stories about the beautiful city of Damascus! We were lined up for roll call. Of the original 250 we had lost 130.

Orders were then given for us to unsaddle and attend to the horses. We found plenty of good stabling in the Citadel. In fact, there appeared to be plenty of everything in that massive fortress. The courtyard alone would hold five thousand men. Also, there were sufficient supplies and water there to sustain a garrison for eighteen months. It was a town in itself.

AFTER our stormy entry we were all pretty well exhausted. McCann and I lay on our saddlebags and were soon fast asleep. We had not been in that position long, however, before we were roused by a fusillade of shots and the cries of sentries:

"*Aux armes! Aux armes! Aux armes!*"

We jumped to our feet and fell in with the squadron. It appeared that the Druses were far from being subdued. Street fighting had broken out and there were orders for large patrols. Four to five hundred men were turned out of the Citadel that night, leaving only a skeleton garrison, and they patrolled the streets, killing and slaying on sight. All night long it went on. Men and women were shot and stabbed merely because they were abroad at all. On the slightest pretext the troops would enter a house, loot the goods, manhandle the women, and kill the men. Before dawn the whole city was thoroughly subdued.

I have seen few more ghastly spectacles. The famous gardens were splashed with blood and so were the marble basins of the fountains. And this in Damascus—the city famous for its lovely fountains and cooing doves!

Throughout the following day the bloodthirsty crew were allowed to sleep off their debauchery and butchery. When night came again, the city was in boundary. Troops went about to the drinking shops and cafés, mixing with the populace and generally enjoying themselves. It was the kind of transformation that could not possibly happen elsewhere.

FOR the next two or three days all seemed fairly quiet. Martial law had been declared, which meant, among other things, that everyone must be indoors by 10 P. M. One night a Spanish boy belonging to our squadron was posted missing. His name was Delius, and he was by way of being a verdant novice. He had been swaggering to Scora, McCann, and me, telling us in his hot-headed fashion what he intended to do with the first veiled woman he found wandering alone. We were all drinking in a little place which rejoiced in the name of the Café Noir. At the time we paid scant attention to his bragging. Such drunken talk was common enough.

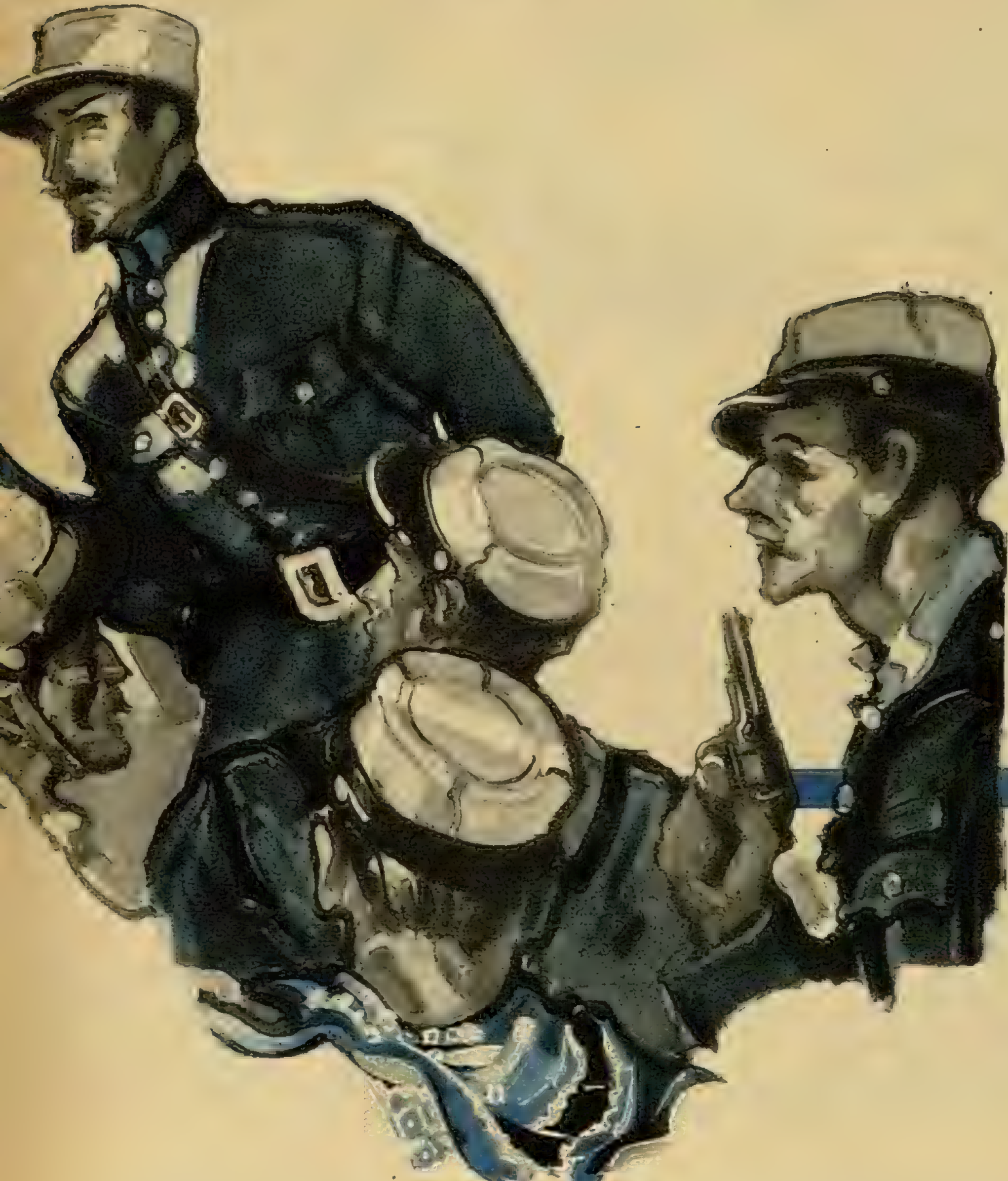
It was only after he had been posted missing that we remembered what he had said. I talked the matter over with Scora and Mac, and it was decided to report to Captain Dupont. The Skipper flew into a rage when I awakened him, at somewhere past midnight, to tell him the story. Nevertheless he turned out a patrol and headed it himself. My two chums and I were naturally included in the patrol, which was made up of twelve Legionnaires, a sergeant, and Captain Dupont.

We turned out about one in the morning. The streets were deserted, of course. We concentrated on all the streets and buildings in the vicinity of the Café Noir, though the fellow might have wandered to the other side of the city. Certainly he was mad enough for anything. We did not come upon a soul, save the patrols of other companies. Round and round we went, making a more extended area as we searched.

We kept it up for about three hours before the mystery was solved, and by Captain Dupont himself. He was marching a little ahead of us when he suddenly halted and gave vent to his favorite expression:

"*Sacré bon Dieu!*"

He picked up something from behind a garbage can, picked it up as if it were tainted, on the tip of his saber. It was a Legionnaire's cap. We looked up at the ancient dwelling near by. The front of it was in darkness. The



An old Druse appeared, a gray-headed, gray-bearded patriarch. He swore before Allah he knew nothing of the missing soldier.

Skipper roared out an order and we went forward and rapped on the great heavy door with our pistols, calling on the occupants to open it.

Presently an old Druse appeared. He was questioned concerning the cap, which was obviously that of the missing Delius.

The gray-headed and gray-bearded old patriarch threw up his hands and swore before Allah that he knew nothing of the missing soldier. There was no one in his abode except the members of his own family. He protested that he was a peace-loving citizen of Damascus, that he desired nothing better than the protection of the French Republic, that he loved the French.

The sergeant looked at the Skipper. The latter nodded ever so slightly. The next minute the old man found himself on his head in the middle of the street. We all trooped through the doorway, across a courtyard, and into the house. In a room at the back of the building we came upon the poor devil Delius. He would not brag any more. His bragging days were over. But, God! What a sight he was! The women who had done this thing were caught in the very act, dripping knives in their hands.

THERE were three of them, crouching by the wall, veiled women in voluminous black clothing. Except for that first scream when we broke into the room, none of them made a sound. They just crouched there, knowing that this was the end for them.

We stared at that ghastly naked thing that had been their plaything, stretched out across the middle of the floor, spread-eagled, feet, hands, and neck secured to the floor boards. The face of Delius was no longer a face, but a bestial, shocking, nauseating travesty of a face; for those women had been up to their old tricks.

When the enormity of this horrible thing that had been done to our comrade impressed itself upon us, we turned suddenly mad. A dozen pairs of hands fell upon those women, tearing away the veils and clothing too. They would have been clawed to death there and then had it not been for the Skipper. He had ways of his own. He could mete out punishment as subtle and diabolical as any native of the East.

Delius was still breathing as we loosened the thongs that bound him to the floor; still warm as we readjusted him in the semblance of a man. While we attended to him others searched the building, and presently returned with two more women. Now they were five, all of them incredibly young for such an act. Lined up against the wall, they stared at us, their unveiled features working with terror. One by one they were divested of clothing and slung up to the beams of the ceiling, feet first; and no army could have stopped those enraged soldiers, fiendishly exulting in the punishing of the women—two of whom were little more than girls—for this lascivious mutilation of a comrade. The Skipper gave no order to fire, knowing that the mad patrol would fire—again and again—according to the dictates of their insane impulses and fancies. The screams of those women filled the night, or rather the early dawn, rending the air in terrific crescendo, piercing enough to have awakened even the dead Delius.

Thus it is that I can never hear anyone mouth that silly threat, " You'll be shot at dawn! " without picturing once again that terrifying scene—those five women screaming—screaming—

That morning McCann made a vow that he would never touch another woman as long as he remained in Syria. And he broke his vow on the evening of that same day! I had noticed for two or three days past that he had become very intimate with a German girl who served at the bar of the Café Noir. Elspeth was a comely sort of wench, generous as to curves, a trifle blowsy perhaps, and hardly to my taste, though something of a prize in that environment. McCann, to use one of his own expressions, had fallen good and hard for her.

That night, when we were endeavoring to forget the picture of Delius by guzzling gallons of wine, McCann by his attitude began to make it clear that Elspeth was his property, and if any fellow Legionnaire liked to dispute his right he was at liberty to do so. He deserted the table at which Scora and I were seated and spent most of the night leaning on the bar talking to his Elspeth. I do not suggest that the hard-bitten, tough, man-eating fellow was in love. But he came as near to that perilous state as any man of his make-up possibly could. In short, he was just crazy about Elspeth!

It was too comical for words. It was almost unbelievable that a chap of McCann's kidney should show his hand before everybody in that fashion. It was not an ordinary case of picking the girl up and carrying her off, and fighting any man who attempted to interfere with him. There was something deeper in it than that. Which was ridiculous, of course, in such a place.

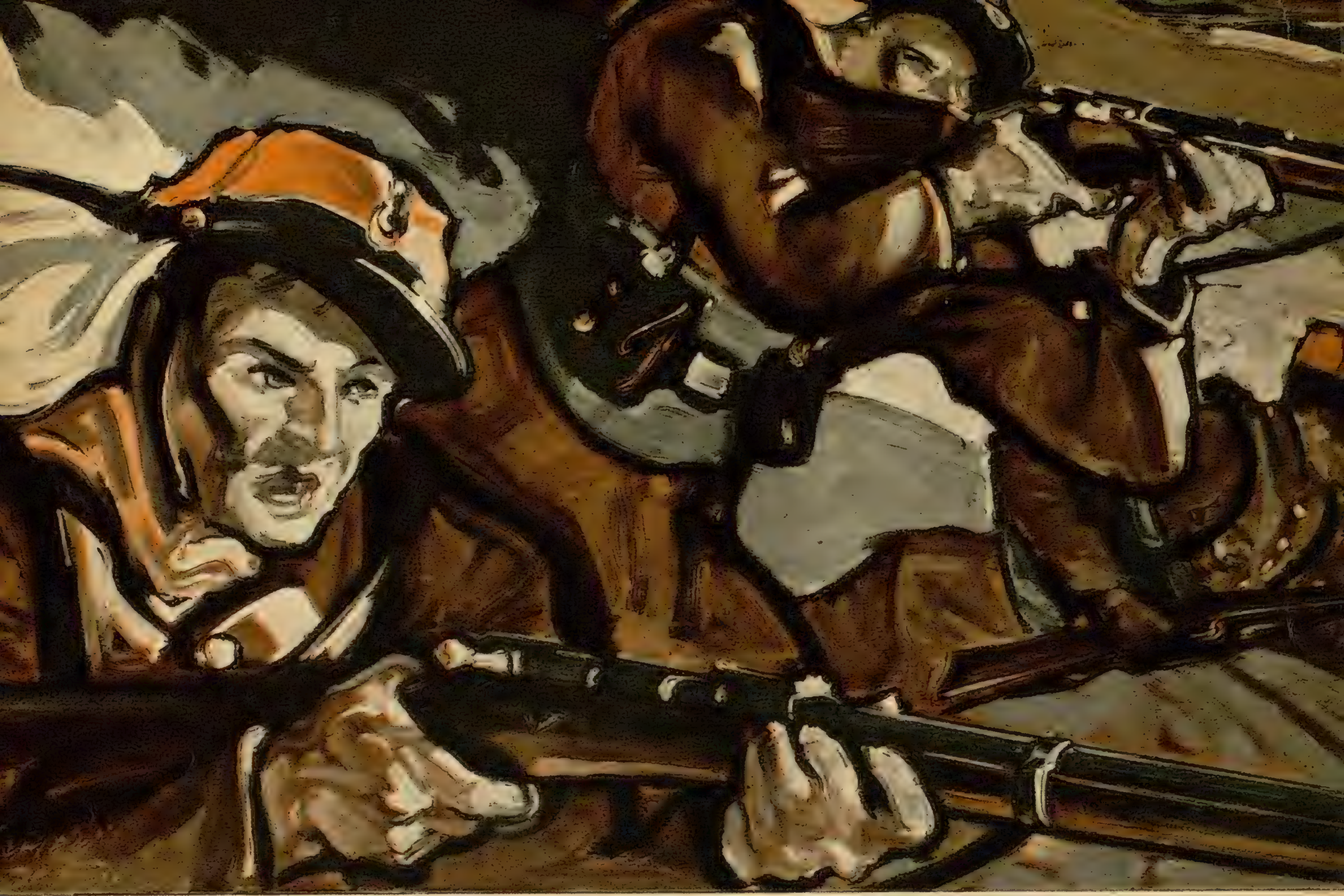
It was funnier still when we had returned to the Citadel and had started to kip down for the night. McCann began to talk about Elspeth, and he continued to talk about Elspeth, to enlarge upon her charms, her little mannerisms, her beauty, far into the night. And I chuckled and chuckled. It was as good as a comedy. My heavens, I thought, this is McCann, the fellow with the India-rubber jowl and the India-rubber soul, the crack shot of the squadron, the biggest drinker and the biggest killer in the whole Legion cavalry—and he's smitten!

" Oh, yeah? " I said, feeling a bit fed. " I expect she is all that. What about it? She's—well, just a nice cup o' tea! "

And in a minute he was sprawling over me, his great hands fastening round my throat. I spluttered and gasped and kicked, and he wouldn't let go until I landed him a beauty in the belly.

" You damned fool! " I shouted. " What's bitten you! Are you going *cafard*—jumping on a fellow like that? "

" *Cafard!* " he snorted. " Whaddya mean, nice cup o' tea! You dirty lime-juicer! Get this! She's O. K. Cut the rough talk! D'ya hear? She's different! "



I sat up and stared at him in amazement. He had himself referred to hundreds of girls as a "nice cup o' tea," since we rarely met any other sort of girl. Was he imagining he had met one now? Heavens! This was no comedy. It was deadly serious.

He calmed down and began to talk as rationally as any man might while suffering such a delusion.

"I'm going to take a crack at deserting, Barrington. D'ya get that, boy? Over the border to Palestine and freedom, and little Elspeth will be there!"

"Good God, Mac, you must be crazy!"

Little Elspeth indeed! It was high time for me to start talking. The Legion was going to be more than hell on earth for me if he persisted in this insane idea of attempting desertion for the sake of *little* Elspeth. If it was a case of getting over the border, why shouldn't we have a shot at it together? We had often considered the possibility, even in Morocco. The chances were better in Syria, for the border that led to Palestine was British, and therefore—

"Sure, boy! You climb on the wagon! Let's go! Once we're over the border she'll be useful."

"She?" I said doubtfully.

"Sure! Elspeth!"

I didn't see it that way, and I said as much. A woman would be an encumbrance. We should never do it with skirts at our heels. But it was no good arguing with McCann in his present state of mind. So I just fell asleep on it.

ON the afternoon of the following day Mac persuaded me to go along to the Café Noir for the purpose of discussing the project with Elspeth. I was still arguing against taking her when we reached the café. We found our way to the bar. Elspeth was nowhere to be seen. Mac learned that she was entertaining a friend in her room. He winked at me.

"I guess she's got a girl friend up there from one of the other dives. When you see her, boy, perhaps you'll change your mind about having a woman along. Come on! Let's go! Let's dig 'em out! What say?"

We found our way to Elspeth's room and, by way of a surprise, charged straight in. It was a surprise all right for both parties, but more especially for McCann. Elspeth, we saw, was lolling comfortably on the knees of a sergeant of the Spahis Tunisian. With a roar like a wild bull, McCann leaped at him, knocking the girl across the room in his mad rush, and taking the sergeant's head in his stride. Down the two of them went, with Mac uppermost, pounding the unfortunate sergeant unmercifully. Even after the fellow had lost consciousness I had the greatest difficulty in dragging the American off.

When finally he did rise to his feet he just looked at the girl, who was reclining serenely on a couch.

THEN he began to tell her things. As he would have put it, he spilled a bibful. His choice of oaths was uncommonly clever for one who spoke under great stress. The girl paled under his terrific lash of epithets. He summed up her character. When he was through his mouth foamed and the sweat was pouring down his leathery face.

"But," I remarked, as we were returning to the Citadel, "what could you expect in a place like that?"

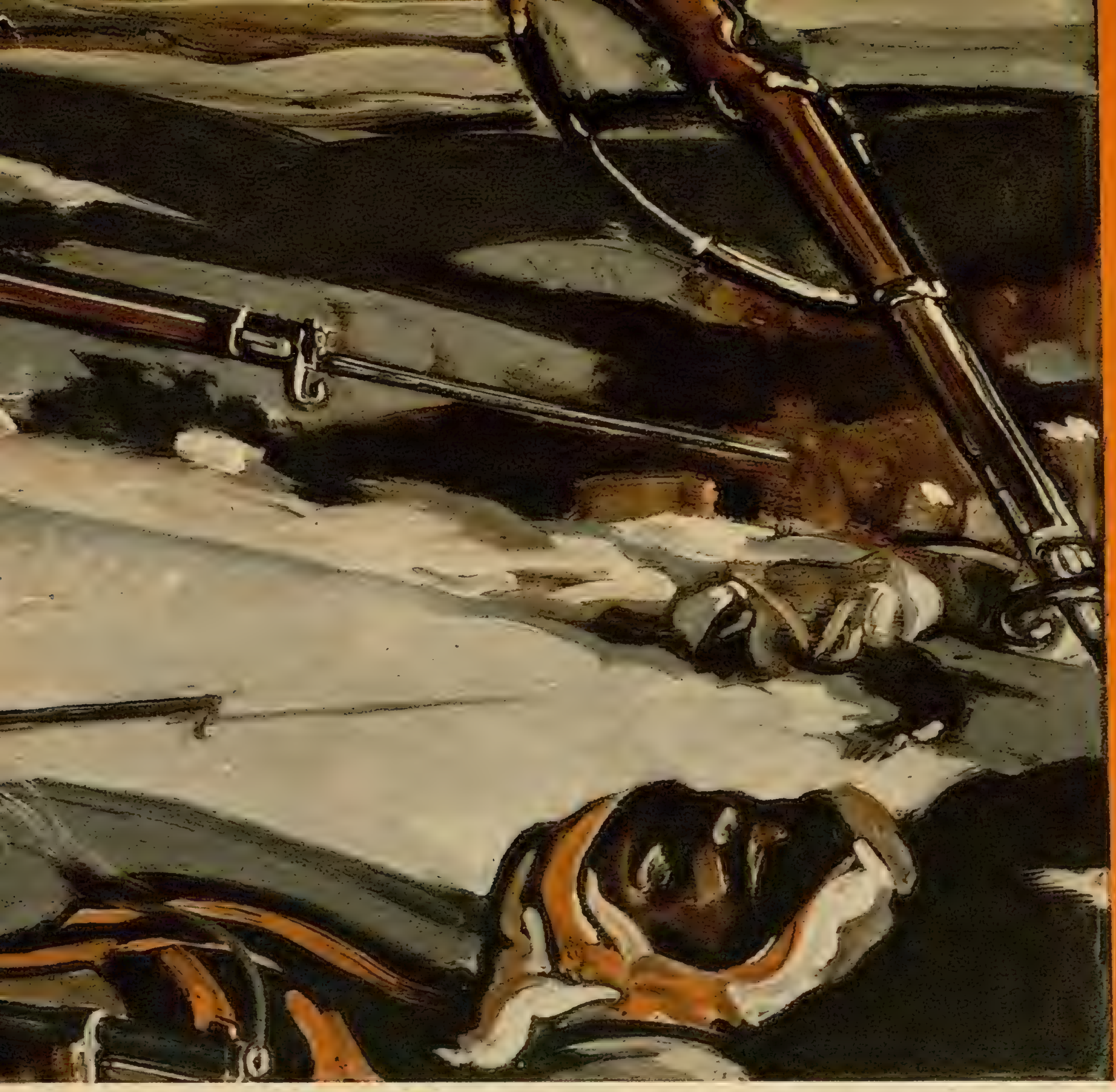
Mac shook his head.

"Gosh, boy! Can you beat it! It's still possible for the ——s to kid the old fool McCann!"

It certainly was a big blow to his self-respect.

We left Damascus for Mesme, a small outpost on the railway that consisted of a couple of sheds and a well. We started out at dawn, 130 Legionnaires heading a strong column of Senegalese and Spahis Moroccan. The streets were ominously quiet as we passed through the South Gates. Not a shot greeted us, though we knew as we proceeded along the open country that it was infested with Druses and Bedouins. Evidently they were satisfied to permit us to go peacefully into the death trap, for that was what it turned out to be.

A bunch of Partisans served as our guides. As we



We crept slowly along the ground, inch by inch, firing at every body of a Druse we came upon lest he rise and trap us.

marched the sun came forth in all his glory. It was difficult to believe that a revolutionary war was raging up and down this vast and beautiful country of Syria. We crossed that huge expanse of green sward which stretches from the base of Jebel Kasyún mountain right over the plains to the city. Hereabout are dotted scores of villages and gardens, in which all the trees of forest and field keep the desert at bay.

Then came the great rolling sand dunes shimmering in the sun. By midday the heat was intense. We followed the railway track for some six hours and then came suddenly upon the outpost of Mesme, a desolate and tiny encampment on the rail embankment.

Captain Dupont sent a sergeant and myself forward to see that all was well. We were met by a French cavalry officer, who asked us if we were his relief.

"Thank God!" he exclaimed. "We lost fifty more men last night!"

A CHEERFUL welcome, to be sure! The whole column came up and we of the thinned-out Fifth proceeded to take over. The bedraggled detachment turned out. What a sight they were! One half of them were either sick or wounded. A number were slung between mules and went back as stretcher cases. They set off, escorted by the column that had brought us out, leaving us behind to defend what had obviously proved to be a deadly little outpost. And yet nothing happened for nearly a week! During that time we were busy building fortifications. We covered a big area with barbed wire and wide water trenches, completely inclosing the well and the two buildings that served as a railway station. We also built an elaborate system of trenches and dugouts. We were leaving nothing to chance!

One night while I was on guard we had the first indication of the enemy's nearness. I was on Number One post and twenty paces away was Number Two. This was occupied by a little Russian whom we knew as Broski. In patrolling we met frequently, and I soon found that he was a regular bundle of nerves. He remarked more than once that he felt something was going to happen. I told him not to be a fool. The place was getting on my nerves too, but I was not going to admit it.

Occasionally I looked toward Broski's post. We had built our fortifications on a quadrangular plan, and the extent of his post was to take in an angle of the trenches, meet Number Three, and about turn, so that for a few seconds now and again I could not see him at all. Once I heard, or thought I heard, something like a gurgle, but as our relief was then due I took no notice.

A CORPORAL came along with my relief. I reported all well, and fell in with the guard. When we reached Broski's post we found him crumpled up on the ground, decapitated! It was a horrible sight. The subtlety and swiftness of it! I had seen and spoken to him only a few moments before, and he was never more than twenty paces from me! I explained all this.

The whole camp was roused. I repeated my story to Captain Dupont.

"*Sacré bon Dieu!* But the devils are going to attack! This is the sign!"

It was impossible to double the guard. We had not sufficient men. The only way was to put everybody on guard for the remainder of the night.

As dawn broke there appeared from all sides a huge force of massed Druses. We opened fire with machine guns, bringing down their front ranks. On they came, fiendishly yelling their battle cry. As we sprayed them their ranks thinned, but were quickly filled up and they continued the charge, apparently with the intention of taking us in one frantic rush. They reached our fortifications and many of them leaped across wire and the water trenches, coming to a hand-to-hand fight with their long, old-fashioned swords. Somehow we managed to drive them off, and as soon as that happened we had the machine guns going again. Gradually they were forced back and back.

They retreated across the plains, leaving their dead and wounded. Captain Dupont decided to make a sortie.

We mounted fifty men and, with the Skipper at the head, dashed off after the stragglers. But we hardly got away from the outpost when we had the shock of our lives. We had been led into a trap. Of the dead and wounded Druses who had lain scattered about the plains, a great number rose suddenly, very much alive, and surrounded us! In a moment the whole bunch of us were thrown into the greatest confusion. Our commandant was cursing and shouting. The sound of his voice kept us more or less together. We turned and raced back toward the post, using saber and Mauser as we galloped along.

We lost eleven men in that sortie. The Druses did not follow us, being content to remain outside the range of the machine guns. There came a lull toward late afternoon. Volunteers were called for to go out for our men lost in the sortie. McCann and I joined four Germans in this mad quest. We crept slowly along the ground inch by inch, firing at every body of a Druse we came upon, lest he rise suddenly and trap us again.

McCann and I had picked up two of our comrades and were making our way back again when a number of shots rang out, followed by terrific screams. We looked round to find two of the Germans held by Druses, who proceeded to disembowel them as they stood on their feet. The other two Germans were racing toward us. We dropped our comrades and started to fire.

“You ruddy ——— — ———!” roared McCann, and got to his feet as if he would fight the lot of them.

I deliberately tripped him and he came down heavily.

“Don't be a fool!” I shouted. “It's sheer suicide to tackle that bunch! Come on! Let's get back!”

Between us we dragged the two wounded along to the post and reported to Captain Dupont. We had brought in two men, but only at the expense of having two others captured and tortured before our very eyes.

That night our new-found chum Scora, the Italian, was found spread-eagled on the barbed wire, his sightless eyes staring up at the sky. He was alive but had gone *cafard*. In fact, it was the noise of his gibbering that drew our attention to him. It was what the Skipper was pleased to call a sign, for the next morning fighting was renewed and continued throughout the day. Altogether, we stood up to it for three days and three nights before the relief came along.

WE were reënforced to our full strength. Three companies of the Legion infantry with bombing planes made a clean sweep of the area, and peace reigned once more.

It seems incredible, but is true, that a couple of days later we were moving about the area with perfect freedom, visiting neighboring villages, and generally enjoying our sojourn in the district as if there had never been such a thing as the Mesme blunder. Actually the revolution was still proceeding in other parts of the country, but since the Druses had withdrawn their forces—temporarily, no doubt—in order to reënforce other districts, we were left in peace.

Trains with troops and ammunitions were passing through our fortifications on their way to Rasheiya, and we gave them all a hearty send-off, knowing we should follow as soon as the region grew hot enough!

Some three or four miles beyond Mesme we had found a native village, little more than an Arab encampment, which we visited frequently.

For one thing, it boasted a wine shop of sorts. One shabby dwelling had a particular attraction for the Skipper. We never knew why, but we could guess. The little wine shop did a roaring trade, for a Legionnaire must take his pleasures when and how he can.

McCann and I were riding leisurely through the village one morning when we came upon a most unusual incident—unusual, that is, for such an out-of-the-way village. Riding as leisurely toward us were three natives; their saddles, clothes, and trappings simply shouted wealth.

“Gosh, Barrington, what have we got here?”

“Looks like the Sultan of all the Asias—and his missus.”

For we saw, as they came closer, that one of the riders was a veiled woman. She rode astride, and from beneath her voluminous black silk robes we caught a glimpse of slim, prettily fashioned top-boots and the breeches of scarlet satin stuff.

We stared hard as they sauntered slowly by. We had not seen anything quite like this for a long time. It was a regular feast for our eyes.

AS they rode by, the woman turned her head, staring at us, we knew, through the thick veil. The men ignored us and our looks of inquiry. They still looked to their front when the woman skewed round in her saddle and took another long look at us, displaying a wealth of satin-covered leg in the process.

Naturally we were vastly intrigued by her devil-may-care curiosity.

“Well!” gasped McCann. “Can you beat *that!*”

“A good thing for her the Skipper isn't around, Mac.”

“Surest thing you know, boy! He's busy. If he'd seen that baby, he'd have been after her—red breeches and all!”

“She must be very young—capering about like that.”

“Yeah. A kid, I reckon. Otherwise she wouldn't have been so darned curious about a couple o' Legionnaires. The Skipper would have been all over her! Let's go!”

McCann started to canter along the street and I followed. But already the other three had spurred their mounts to a gallop, and soon had cleared the village for the open country. That was where we drew rein. You never can trust a native, no matter what his caste. It might have been a trap, it might not; we were taking no risks in a neighborhood where anything might happen at any time.

We turned and retraced our steps to the Mesme post. For the remainder of that day we talked of little else but the mysterious veiled rider and her impudent stares, her youthful curiosity.

We contrived to be in the same place the following day at about the same time, but nothing happened. We tried day after day, with the same result. The mysterious woman rider had vanished.

“I expect she's somewhere in Beirut by this time,” commented McCann when, a week later, we were still searching.

He was wrong. Her home was but a few miles from that village, as I was to learn by heart very soon.

To his idyllic adventure with this girl, Nashalla Mamsoud, a princess of the Druses, Ex-Legionnaire 1384 devotes next week's installment. A real-life romance out of the Arabian Nights, it cost him a flogging and gained him a glimpse of a treasure-trove surpassing Ali Baba's.

Bright Sayings of Children

Liberty will pay $5 for every published original bright saying of a child. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned if unavailable. Address Bright Sayings,
P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Easter Puppies

LITTLE Joyce was helping her mother color Easter eggs, learning for the first time that the Easter bunny did not bring them. Later, seeing some fox-terrier puppies marked liberally with black, she asked, “Did the mother hatch them that way, or did you color them?”—Bonnie Walson, Fort Benjamin Harrison, Indianapolis, Ind.

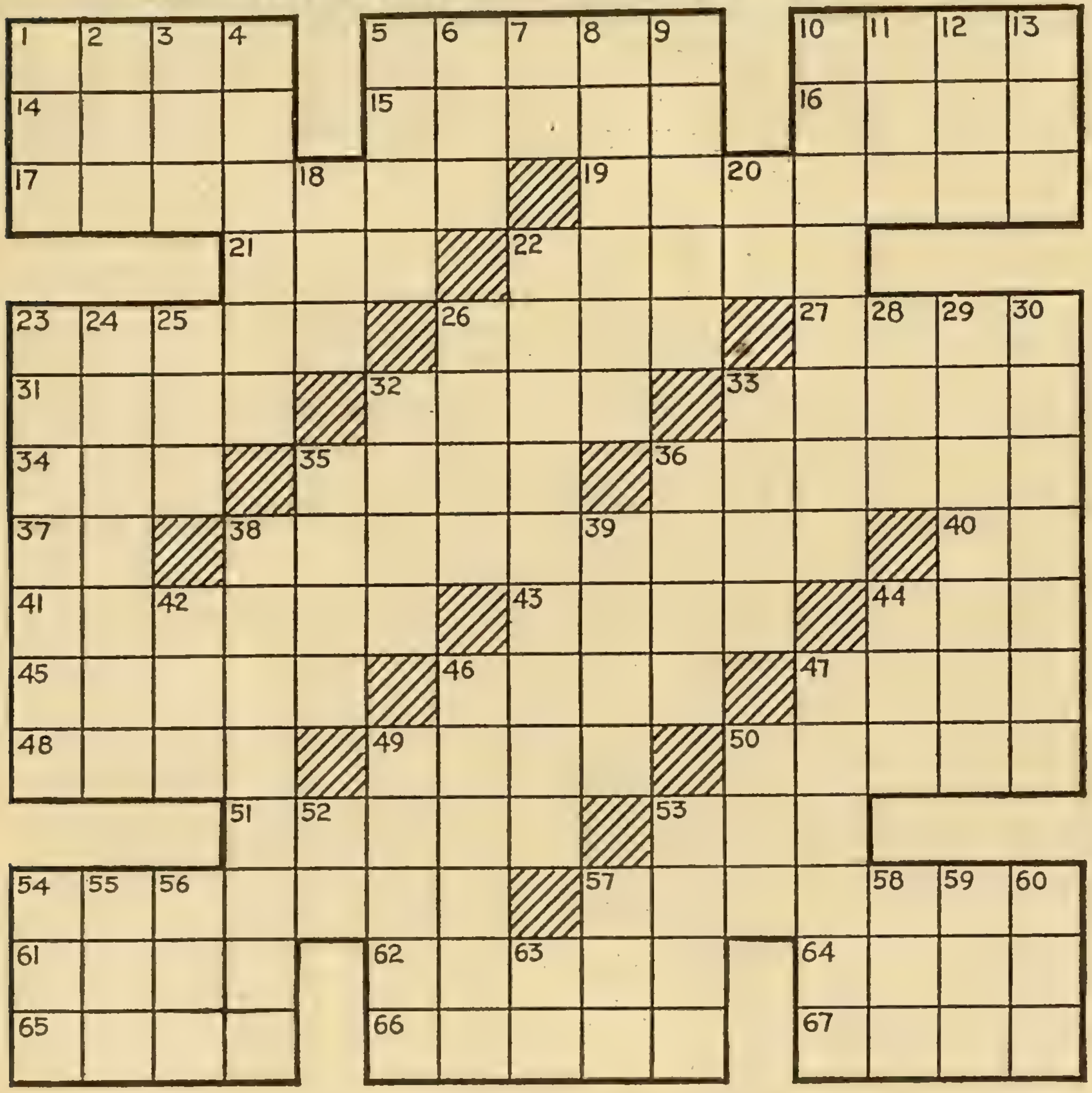
A Losing Race

WHILE visiting some friends near a railroad one windy day Johnny noticed a train moving slowly out of the station. A cloud of smoke was blowing out ahead of the engine.

“Look, daddy!” he cried. “The train is running a race with the smoke.”—Omer L. Helmkamp, 215 Arroya Avenue, San Leandro, Calif.

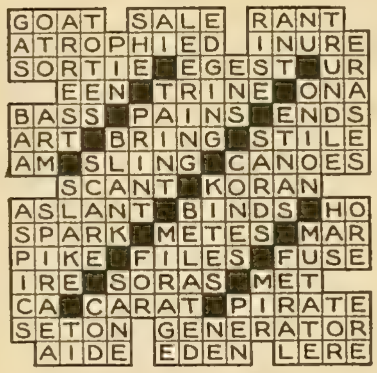
CROSS WORDS

A NEW PUZZLE



HORIZONTAL

1 Jump
5 A cavity
10 Things given or admitted
14 Silkworm
15 In respect to
16 Greek god equivalent to the Latin god Cupid
17 An area of ground
19 Users of violent language
21 Achieved
22 A department in France
23 Given or done by word of mouth
26 Chief personage, as at a social gathering
27 Pleased
31 Supreme deity of the Norse pantheon
32 A fertilizer
33 One of the United States
34 Linger behind
35 Morally contaminated
36 Material
37 Form of to be
38 Irritate
40 Note of the scale
41 Most unusual
43 Masculine
44 Sward
45 To habituate
46 Grant the use of
47 Accomplished
48 Pace
49 A book of the New Testament
50 Daunted
51 Separate particulars in an enumeration
53 Obeisance



GOAT SALE RANT
ATROPHIED INURE
SORTIE■EGEST■UR
EEN■TRINE■ONA
BASS■PAINS■ENDS
ART■BRING■STILE
AM■SLING■CANOES
SCANT■KORAN
ASLANT■BINDS■HO
SPARK■METES■MAR
PIKE■FILES■FUSE
IRE■SORAS■MET
CA■CARAT■PIRATE
SETON GENERATOR
AIDE EDEN LERE

Answer to last week's puzzle

54 Imply secondarily
57 To cleanse
61 Genus of liliaceous plants
62 Penetrate
64 Bellow
65 Jaws
66 Sharp pain
67 Puts in place

VERTICAL

1 Permit
2 Prior
3 Melody
4 Forgiveness
5 Asserted
6 Tavern
7 The symbol for an element
8 Unsubstantial
9 Part of a flight of steps
10 A deputy
11 Metric measure of area
12 Rocky pinnacle
13 An equine
18 To trouble
20 Into
22 Long, narrow, ribbon-like flags
23 North Star
24 Substance of exceeding hardness
25 The space between furrows in a plowed field
26 Pickled in brine, as meat
28 Descended
29 A flower
30 Mocked; poked fun at
32 Aromatic plant
33 Labyrinth
35 A decorative vessel of various forms
36 Clement
38 Derivative of menthane (plural)
39 Slender
42 Regret
44 To scatter
46 Bemoan
47 Dowries
49 Apportions
50 A small rudely formed boat
52 Toward
53 A large floating mass of ice
54 A rotating or sliding piece for imparting peculiar movement (mach.)
55 Leaf of the palmyra palm (variant)
56 Forthwith
57 Lair
58 A deer
59 Channel from shore inland
60 The bitter vetch
63 Note of the scale

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

Answers to Twenty Questions on page 27

1—A character in the early Teuton alphabet.
2—A glazed pottery made in Pennsylvania about 1760.
3—Where the shade gradually blends with the light.
4—Knights Hospitalers of St. John of Jerusalem.
5—A stone whose characteristic color is a rich azure blue.
6—The method of painting on newly spread plaster before it dries.
7—Tremendous, hazardous, and stupendous.
8—Shellac, turpentine, and pigment.
9—Four.
10—Between southern Arabia and British Somaliland, Africa.
11—For its literary associations and as being the center of London's publishing business.
12—The kingfisher.
13—The ruins of an ancient city in Cambodia.
14—The outside membrane of the large intestine of the ox.
15—Yeddo.
16—Stephen.
17—S. S. Van Dine.
18—Savoyards.
19—A white claylike mineral, soft, and light enough when in dry masses to float in water.
20—Resulting from or produced by intense heat; as granite and basalt are igneous rocks.

THE ANSWER TO THE DENTAL CREAM QUESTION:

The safe way to prevent bleeding of the gums is the Squibb way, which depends on keeping them clean and healthy, and avoids using dangerous astringents. Regular daily brushing with Squibb Dental Cream will help to maintain the gums in a firm, healthy condition.

You can't give complete protection to teeth and gums with *one-fifth of a dentifrice.* Squibb Dental Cream not only cleans and polishes safely, but penetrates the crevices between the teeth and along the gum margins, and helps to combat the forces of decay. You can depend on Squibb's. Its all-round efficiency is backed by the 75-year reputation of the House of Squibb.

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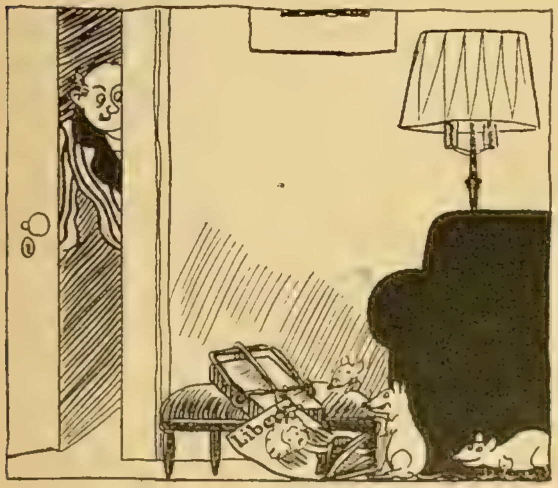
to meet a growing demand
—in addition to the over-size tube at 40c

SQUIBB DENTAL CREAM

VOX

They Have Intelligent Mice in British Columbia

VICTORIA, B. C., CAN.—I am a reader of your magazine and I want to tell you how much I like it. In fact, it is liked by even the mice.



I was looking for a copy the other day and the mice had literally eaten it up. This gave me an idea.

I baited my spring mousetrap with part of my magazine and succeeded in catching two mice at once.

I did not realize how useful your magazine really was.—*Vic of Victoria.*

From a Legionnaire

DALLAS, TEX.—I just read the first chapter of Hell Hounds in the December 10 Liberty. I've often wondered why you didn't print articles like it and like Prince Aage's article of December 3. I served in the Legion for five years and I can say for sure that the first chapter of Hell Hounds is authentic, to say the least. Hope the rest of it is as good.—*Theodore M. Darwin, ex-Legionnaire No. 2116.*

Two of the Many Who Liked Anthony Abbot's Circus Story

NORTH PLAINS, CONN.—For more than a year I've read Liberty, and I think that, out of the fifty-odd copies that I've read, the last nine were, in my opinion, the best, due mostly to Anthony Abbot's marvelous serial, About the Murder of the Circus Queen, which I have just finished.

There was not a dull moment. On the contrary, this exciting mystery kept me on edge till the last installment was ended, and I didn't guess who the guilty culprit was till Colt exposed him.

Kindly ask Mr. Abbot to continue his good work, and please do it soon.

Gosh! I think he's great. Enthusiastic Liberty fan.—*P. Morrison.*

STATEN ISLAND, N. Y.—I have never written to Vox Pop before and it took that wonderful, splendid story written by Anthony Abbot to prompt me.

Every week there is one story in your magazine which appeals to me more than any other and that circus story concerning the murder of Josie La Tour was the best.

Then the favorites of mine are, first, good old Vox Pop. Boosters and knockers! Well, Vox Pop, it takes two opposite people to make a world. And every knock makes a boost; so the knockers are an advantage to you.—*H. M. L.*

About Those Tax Editorials

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—I was much interested in your two editorials referring to a single tax on land values and the consequent abolition of other taxes.

For thirty years I have watched land values after a depression, when they too have had at last to recede, first take up the slack as industry resumed, then pull taut, and finally pull so hard on the earnings of capital and labor that again the apple cart was upset.

Edgar Pomeroy

Almost every ten or twelve years rents reach such a pitch that producers, employers, and employees have less and less left until it becomes a fight between employer and employee for the little left.

No lowering of tariff, or heightening, no public works, no bond issues for great loans can restore prosperity for more than a short while. So long as there is private property in land value just so long will landlordism follow up improved conditions by constantly raising the price of the privilege of producing, transporting, or trading.

Tax-land values, which after all are a value created by the public, abolish taxes on thrift and industry and nothing is left that can bring on periodic cycles of depression. It's a long story, but that's the gist of it.—*Edgar Pomeroy.*

In Which Mr. Vanderbilt Is Spanked by Mr. Irvin Fox

AUSTIN, MINN. — Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., seems to get quite a kick out of spanking his kin in Stag Lines and Bread Lines, of the December 10 Liberty. He blew off a lot of steam, but what he described has been going on for years.

People with surplus money use it in a manner that brings them the most pleasure, whether it is giving to the poor, buying diamond-studded collars for pet monkeys, or just hoarding it. If some of the rich won't give money to the poor it is far better that they put their wealth into circulation through launching sweet débutantes, private yachts, or what have you, than to scare money into hiding by broadcasting in print the extravagance they indulge in. —*Irvin Fox.*

The Questions Shark Says He Stands Corrected

ROCHESTER, N. Y.—The first of your Twenty Questions, "What was Paul Revere's business or profession?" and the answer thereto, "Goldsmith," as appearing in the December 10 issue of Liberty, does not jibe with my understanding that he was the first radio announcer, having broadcast from one plug.—*L. S. Coon.*

At Last—a Friend

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—If those who send in "knocks" to your magazine were broad-minded enough to stop and figure out the full significance of the name Liberty they wouldn't make such fools of themselves.

It certainly is the height of ignorance to spend a lot of time on something clever and sarcastic to try to hurt the feelings of a publishing company.

If they used common sense instead of nonsense it would bring them financial independence. And to win a thousand dollars for writing a story would certainly prove fatal to the "squawker" that had a strangle hold on that nickel before he bought a Liberty.—*Jerry Sullivan.*

We Have a Hunch You Had Plenty of Company

CUERO, TEX.—I'm not in the habit of Vox Popping, but when such a volley of questions are popped at one as in I Seem to Remember the Name, But— by H. I. Phillips in the December 3 issue, how can one resist the temptation? Reading the article was like being asked a riddle with an unknown answer—one doesn't know any more than before.

At first I thought I was in for something educational like Twenty Questions, and searched every page in the Liberty for the answers, but all I had in the end was a very much aroused curiosity.

Liberty
DICTIONARY

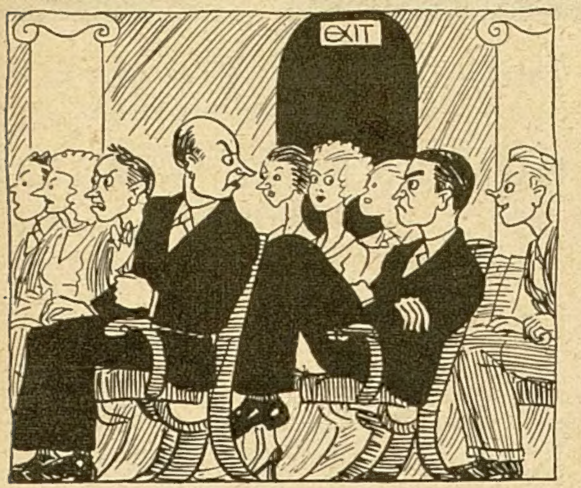
How about asking the questions slower next time, or at least furnishing an adequate answer now and then for encouragement? Or is the author a stranger in town himself?—*E. Sherrod.*

POP

VOX POP EDITOR

They Evidently Grow 'Em Tall Down Thar in Texas

FORT WORTH, TEX.—The aisles between seats in American theaters should be at least six feet wide so that the tallest male, even by reclining at a 45-degree angle, could not touch with his feet the backs of the next row of seats in front of him.



There should be no gallery where gay young moderns could wrap their knees at will around the necks of other people seated in front of them and use their shoulders and heads for a convenient foot rest.

There should be a padded section, sound-proof, in the center front of the lower floor, for all children up to and including their twenty-fifth birthday.

What this country needs more than it does a good five-cent cigar is a jar-proof, anti-climbable theater chair.—*E. W. Hughes.*

A Bow to Brunswick

BRUNSWICK, GA.—I am a reader and ardent fan of Liberty, especially your aviation matter.

I have been connected with local aviation as a pilot for a number of years, and so I certainly was surprised to find the following error in your Liberty of November 26.

The story The Only One to Live, by Marjory Stoneman Douglas and Harold M. Farkas, states that our hero ventured forth in search of all lost airmen, and that he spent many long days in search of Paul Redfern, flyer from New Brunswick.

Please let me state that I was present at all the preparations before Paul Redfern's flight, including gassing up the plane Port of Brunswick, and at the fatal take-off for Brazil.

This all took place at Sea Island Beach near Brunswick, Georgia, and the plane had written on its side, BRUNSWICK TO BRAZIL.

Kindly give us credit for this flight which the local people contributed to because Brunswick, *Georgia,* is very much on the map.—*Sam Baker.*

Amateurs, Duck Your Heads

SALINA, KAN.—The Let the Best Man Win article, by Miss Amelia Earhart, in Liberty of December 3, is of timely interest to me and surely is to thousands of others. I am pleased that Liberty gave space to that argument and presentation of the case and Miss Earhart did it exceedingly well. She can do things besides fly.

My son, Lieutenant Charles F. Densford, a boy just out of West Point, won second place in the national pistol match at Camp Perry last year. He received about $30 for it. Though he did not know it, he thus made himself ineligible for the Olympic shoot, and because the best shot in the country could not enter, Italy won. At El Paso this year he won the national individual pistol championship and no money. If he were not so good and could shoot in the amateur matches he might be wildly honored.

The badge of an amateur should read something like this: " I am so poor that all the good ones have to be ruled out so I can win."—*J. W. Densford.*

The Thanksgiving Cover

CHICAGO, ILL.—May I offer you my congratulations on your very beautiful Liberty cover of the Thanksgiving issue? On the news stands and in the readers' hands the poster of the little boy with the turkey on his stomach offers an appeal seldom attained in a magazine cover.

Adolph O. Goodwin

Frankly, I have thought for a long time that the poster on the Liberty magazine is the poorest feature of the entire publication. But I cannot say that about the little boy with the Thanksgiving stomach. I hope you will give us more like this and that it is indicative of a new cover standard.—*Adolph O. Goodwin.*

The Boys Who Don't " Rate "

WILKES-BARRE, PA.—Did your author, Margaret Douglas Winn, who wrote the article in the November 19 issue, I'm Glad My Children Are Boys, about the poor girls who "don't rate," ever stop to think there are also an equal number of boys who are in the same boat? Would her friend's poor daughter think of going anywhere with a fellow who didn't rate? She would probably say, as I have been told by several girls, " You are all right but you don't have a car."

The difference in the boys is, they don't tell everyone. I go to a night school four nights a week. Like most of the other students, I am not overly ambitious but use this as a means of passing my time.—*E. S. V.*

A Little Lecture on Count Tolstoy's Japanese Article

SAN DIEGO, CALIF.—Count Ilya Tolstoy's article, Japan's New Threat to the United States, in your issue of December 3, will no doubt have its desired effect on some gullible readers.

B. E. McFetridge

No one will deny the possibility of a Japanese threat, but let's not swallow the bunk and ballyhoo about the United States ganging up with the disgruntled White Russians against the Soviets. Communism was an inevitable and natural answer to Russia's social and economic conditions. —*B. E. McFetridge.*

Just Watch Our Speed

RICHMOND, VA.—I wish to express to you how much your famous weekly has meant to me. It seems that during the past six months your magazine has improved 100 per cent. The articles on individuals are exceedingly interesting and the short stories are knockouts.

The serials are fine. When you buy one copy and read a continued story you just can't help but buy on and on until you finish the story. Here's hoping for more.—*Roy F. Edwards.*

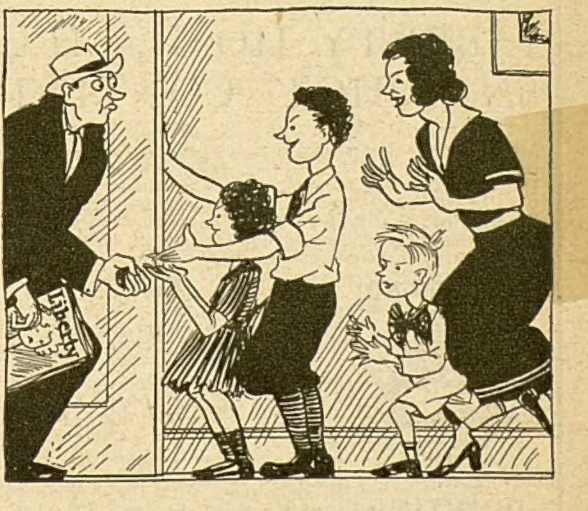
Others Thought So, Too

JOHNSON CITY, TENN.—A really enjoyable yarn is so rare these days that when I do get to read one I like to tell the author; and Frank Leon Smith's tale, Love Is Like That, sure is one good story. Thanks!—*Bill Meyers.*

Hurray for the Wife and Kids

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—Just a few lines to let you know what a " gyp " your magazine is for a nickel. The only reason I buy the darn' thing is to satisfy my wife and three kids.

As far as I'm concerned your stories are weak as water, your drawings are terrible, and even the Vox Pop articles are written by a bunch of bums.—*Ab Wiener.*



SECOND WEEK WINNERS

$5,000

HOME-LIFE SNAPSHOT CONTEST

51 MORE CASH PRIZES THIS WEEK

YOU CAN WIN!

The $100 First Prize check goes to the Canaday home this week

AT the right Liberty announces the winners of the second week's competition in the Home-Life Snapshot Contest. Have you tried for one of these prizes?

You have until January 23 to get into the money. That is the closing date of the final week.

Any snapshot entered before that time stands a chance of winning not only a weekly cash prize but also one of the $200 cash Grand Awards.

This week's contest closes Monday, January 9. Don't neglect to get your entry in.

Checks will be mailed to the winners announced this week without delay.

NOV. 26 PRIZE WINNERS

$100 FIRST PRIZE

Mrs. O. P. Canaday
Wolcottville, Ind.

TEN $10 PRIZES

William M. Bley, Glenside, Pa.; H. M. Cady, Seattle, Wash.; Mrs. C. B. Fletcher, San Francisco, Calif.; John Marshall, Walla Walla, Wash.; Grace R. Mounts, Morrow, Ohio; Mrs. Leo Hermann, San Francisco, Calif.; S. Torterelli, Rossland, B. C.; Forrest Townley, Denver, Colo.; Daniel E. Walters, National City, Calif.; Mrs. J. W. Worthington, Brownsville, Tex.

FORTY $5 PRIZES

W. T. Adderley, Spokane, Wash.; Mrs. F. B. Allen, Shreveport, La.; Mrs. George W. Barthelmess, Savannah, Ga.; Lester Brubaker, San Jose, Calif.; R. W. Beaty, Taft, Calif.; Rev. D. W. Cobb, Elkton, Va.; Thomas E. Boerum, Islip, N. Y.; Mrs. S. E. Cowling, San Francisco, Calif.; C. Champagne, Lynn, Mass.; J. M. Clark, Tulsa, Okla.; E. A. Creswick, Toronto, Ont.; Anne E. Carley, Medford, Ore.; Dorothy B. Eastman, Littleton, N. H.; Walter R. Frederick, Amherst, Ohio; M. Finnegan, Milwaukee, Wis.; Royal P. Hamblin, Utica, N. Y.

Florence Fenton, Vineland, N. J.; Bill Gibson, Pleasanton, Calif.; F. V. Johnston, Oswego, Ill.; Mrs. Inez B. Kelso, Boulder, Colo.; George Klohr, Wauchula, Fla.; E. G. Lindberg, McKeesport, Pa.; Paul Little, Jr., Chico, Calif.; E. W. Lewis, Cos Cob, Conn.; C. F. Lee, Sweet Water, Tex.; Mrs. P. B. Moring, Greensboro, N. C.; Stanley F. Northcott, Bay City, Mich.; Mrs. Paul S. Otto, Iowa City, Iowa; Mrs. H. T. McGarity, Riverside, Calif.; Mrs. B. L. McCoy, Hufsmith, Tex.

Mrs. Margot Platz, Aurora, Ill.; Mrs. E. L. Smiley, Canton, Kan.; Anna Sheebly, Syracuse, N. Y.; Charles Stewart, Blairmore, Alta.; Mrs. D. B. Talcott, San Antonio, Tex.; Winifred G. Thomas, Tucson, Ariz.; John Williams, Tenafly, N. J.; Floyd M. Williams, Washington, D. C.; Charles Willey, East Patchogue, N. Y.; W. H. West, New Providence, N. J.

AMONG THE $10 PRIZE WINNERS

William M. Bley, Mrs. J. W. Worthington, and H. M. Cady, listed at the right, won $10 each with these prize snapshots.

Advertisement

Over 1000
Additional Awards Weekly
To Entrants in the
LIBERTY HOME-LIFE SNAPSHOT CONTEST

The Master Photo Finishers of America, giving Master Photo Finishing service through the most important Photo Dealers in most towns and cities of the United States and Canada, will award thousands of extra Blue Ribbon Prize Photo Enlargements each week to entrants in the LIBERTY Home-Life Snapshot Contest.

All that is necessary to qualify for one of our many weekly prize enlargements is to obtain an entry blank from any local photo dealer whose Photo Finishing is serviced by a Master Photo Finisher, and leave your entries with this Dealer accompanied with one of these Entry Blanks.

All local entries made in this manner will be judged weekly with numerous Blue Ribbon Enlargements awarded the best of local entries, after which all entries will be forwarded immediately to LIBERTY for entry and consideration in connection with the $5,000.00 weekly and grand prizes in the Liberty Home-Life Snapshot Contest.

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MASTER PHOTO FINISHERS OF AMERICA
AUTHORIZED DEALER
SERVICE AND QUALITY
PRINTING

The Master Photo Finishers of America *Giving Master Photo Service To the Better Photo Dealers of the United States and Canada*

HOME-LIFE SNAPSHOT CONTEST RULES

Ten Weekly Contests

1. Each week for ten weeks Liberty will award $400 in cash prizes for the best home-life snapshots submitted by nonprofessional photographers.

2. Anyone, anywhere, may enter except professional photographers, employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

3. There is no restriction regarding size of prints. Enlargements are eligible, but in case of enlargements the prints from which such enlargements are made must be attached.

4. Photographs need not be taken specifically for this contest, but they must be taken on or after November 9, 1932, and in every case must be the work of the person who submits them. By entering any contest in this series you agree that you will upon request submit to Liberty the negative from which your print was made. Such negatives will be returned if desired.

5. Submit as many prints as you wish. Write plainly or print name and full address on the back of each. No prints will be returned. Prize-winning prints become the property of Macfadden Publications for reproduction wherever desired.

6. The first weekly contest closed Monday, November 21, and succeeding contests will close each following Monday including January 23, 1933, which ends the contest series.

7. Quality of photography does not count except that any snapshot in order to be awarded a prize must be of sufficient clearness to reproduce satisfactorily for publication. Prizes will be awarded on the basis of human interest only. Judging on that basis, each week of this contest series the person submitting the best snapshot will receive the first prize of $100, etc., as per the cash prize schedule elsewhere on this page.

8. Address all entries to **HOME-LIFE SNAPSHOTS**, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

$1,000 GRAND PRIZE RULES

1. Regardless of whether or not it has won a weekly prize, every entry in the contest series will be eligible for one of the five $200 Grand Prizes to be awarded when the contest series closes.

2. These Grand Prizes will be awarded for the following divisions: Group A, the best baby snapshot. Group B, the best pet snapshot. Group C, the best indoor snapshot. Group D, the best outdoor snapshot. Group E, the snapshot that most nearly tells a complete story.

3. The conditions set forth in Rules 3, 4, 5, and 7 above apply to this Grand Prize offer.

They Knew Their Movie Folk!

AND SO THEY WON THE CASH PRIZES IN

THE MOVIE MYSTERY CONTEST

$500 FIRST PRIZE

MRS. M. L. MOOK,
Memphis, Tenn.

$250 SECOND PRIZE

JUNE L. SHURTLIFF,
Salt Lake City, Utah

$100 THIRD PRIZE

MARIE BREYER,
St. Paul, Minn.

TWO $50 PRIZES

VICTOR LARRIEUX,
Wilmington, Calif.

MRS. C. R. MCMULLEN,
Birmingham, Mich.

FOUR $25 PRIZES

RAE LAMBIASE,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

DOROTHY M. CLARK,
Portsmouth, Ohio

MRS. JEAN GILKEY,
Portsmouth, N. H.

MRS. IRENE M. COATES,
Methuen, Mass.

●

45 PRIZES, $10 EACH

Mrs. W. M. Keck, Jr., Long Beach, Calif.; Mrs. Pamela Crown, Elizabeth, N. J.; Gladys Perkins, Springfield, Mass.; Catherine McDonough, Baltimore, Md.; Mrs. George A. Young, Clifton, N. J.; Mrs. Elisabeth Krause, Los Angeles, Calif.; William M. Brown, Forest Hills, Pa.; Evelyn Burrill, Jamaica Plain, Mass.; Francis Jung, St. Cloud, Minn.; Margaret Halliman, Campello, Mass..

Mary McEachern, Portland, Me.; W. F. Myrick, Houston, Tex.; Mrs. Winifred M. Watkins, Brandon, Man.; Mrs. Nevin F. Walknetz, Huntington, Ind.; Mrs. J. T. Hale, Mayfield, Ky.; Lillian Reynolds, New York Mills, Minn.; Wallace Davies, Springfield, Ill.; Frank Margison, Warren, Ohio; Mae C. Newton, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Ruth Schatzsvides, Brooklyn, Md.; Mary Lincoln, Columbus, Ind.; Alberta Holycross, Tacoma, Wash.; Elizabeth H. Neale, Mayfield, Ky.; Anna M. Kammer, Baltimore, Md.; Dorothy Fitzgerald, Lynbrook, N. Y.; Elna Eugenia Peterson, Albert Lea, Minn.

Temple M. Baker, Portsmouth, Ohio; Nella B. Pascoe, Los Angeles, Calif.; Mrs. W. J. Donlevy, Cleveland, Ohio; Grace Vivian Sheller, Omaha, Neb.; Dorothy E. Ritchie, Bogota, N. J.; Alice Brokaw, Tacoma, Wash.; Bernice Shields, Apex, N. C.; Dee Chapman, Los Angeles, Calif.; Jane Ann Hale, Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio; Alice Maus, Bay City, Mich.; Farrell Linton Swallow, Oakland, Calif.; Margaret Howell, Clarendon, Va.; Mrs. Morris I. Porter, Seattle, Wash.; Frances M. Sweeney, Yonkers, N. Y.; Mrs. Maude Grover, Tulsa, Okla.; Consuelo Romero, Los Angeles, Calif.; J. N. Blanck, New York, N. Y.; Linda Rothfuss, Cleveland, Ohio; Gladys Moffatt, Fresno, Calif.

200 PRIZES, $5 EACH

Jean Allen, Washington, D. C.; Richard Parlier, Jr., Charlotte, N. C.; Mabel Finning, Waterbury, Conn.; Catherine Carey, Yonkers, N. Y.; Mrs. George Jackson, Ludlow, Ky.; Gene P. Burke, Neptune, N. J.; Bertie Jones, Detroit, Mich.; Lenore Thrift, Cleveland, Ohio; Lillian Pont, San Juan, Porto Rico; Mrs. H. C. McDowell, Los Angeles, Calif.; George L. Halbig, Evansville, Ind.; Margaret A. Schonek, Johnstown, Pa.; Mrs. Louise J. Stolte, Waco, Tex.; Mrs. William Wowiaras, Milwaukee, Wis.; Mrs. Charles A. Morehead, Miami, Fla.

Violet Verdone, Reading, Pa.; Mrs. W. F. Juengling, Denver, Colo.; Winifred Gooch, New York, N. Y.; Ruth Bigelow, Miami Beach, Fla.; Charles L. Mersich, San Francisco, Calif.; Kathryn Hilgers, Racine, Wis.; Louis Feinberg, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mrs. Eloise C. Farrell, Washington, D. C.; Charles F. Ward, Oak Park, Ill.; Freda Ash, Indianapolis, Ind.; Marian F. Lynd, Buffalo, N. Y.; Alvyne C. Stiver, Johnstown, Pa.; Mrs. Charles Williams, Philadelphia, Pa.; Nora J. Moore, St. Cloud, Minn.; Hazel Hamilton, Tulsa, Okla.; Erwin A. Schindler, Milwaukee, Wis.; Mrs. Saloma Armacost, Terre Haute, Ind.; Retta T. Allen, Evansville, Ind.; Helene B. Baubles, East Orange, N. J.; Dorothy B. Walton, Dallas, Tex.; Pearl L. Erdman, Allentown, Pa.; Eva Franklin, New York, N. Y.; Mrs. C. W. Durant, Kerman, Calif.; Mary L. Frodymo, Providence, R. I.; Blanche E. Cooper, Akron, Ohio; Mae De Steese, Merrick, N. Y.; Miriam J. Wesley, Lancaster, Pa.

Betty McGarrow, Baltimore, Md.; Beatrice Levy, Birmingham, Ala.; Mrs. F. A. Pearson, Des Moines, Iowa; O. Roisen, New York, N. Y.; Emerson Boam, Idaho Falls, Idaho; Carol T. Case, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. E. O. Williams, Houston, Tex.; Eleanor Clough, St. Paul, Minn.; Ruth Rae Miller, Media, Pa.; Madeline Ward, Chicago, Ill.; Bess Williams, Grand Rapids, Mich.; Mrs. Hazel Lammon, Los Angeles, Calif.; Louise M. Lang, Yonkers, N. Y.; Adrienne Cadoul, San Francisco, Calif.; George T. Rodeback, Downington, Pa.; Mrs. G. P. Spearman, Houston, Tex.; Florence Fowler, Niles, Mich.

Gwendolyn Lancelot, Des Moines, Iowa; Boyd Allen, Evansville, Ind.; H. Jay Storms, Port Jervis, N. Y.; Pauline Burnham, Irwin, Ohio; Mrs. Leila D. McCloskey, San Antonio, Tex.; Alice Kimble, Fort F. E. Warren, Wyo.; John F. Smith, Los Angeles, Calif.; Mrs. Kay K. Kirk, Akron, Ohio; Stuart Strong, Detroit, Mich.; Kathryn A. Strimer, Parkersburg, W. Va.; Mrs. Herman Ortelt, Jr., New Brighton, Pa.; William Fussner, St. Louis, Mo.; Susan E. Greiner, Herkimer, N. Y.; Dorothy Clark, Reading, Pa.; Zaelia Elza, Los Angeles, Calif.; Mrs. Ralph Jones, Dayton, Ohio; Mrs. Clarence E. Anderson, Meriden, Conn.

$5 PRIZES (*Continued*)

Edna Louise Lipp, Port Jervis, N. Y.; Eva M. Langdale, Vancouver, B. C.; Harvey Dyer, Detroit, Mich.; P. Van Aulta, Parkersburg, W. Va.; Margaret Marsteller, Miami, Fla.; Mrs. Ruth Lazarus, Philadelphia, Pa.; A. O. Sasse, Palisade, N. J.; Anita Rollins, Brooklyn, N. Y.; William F. McVaugh, Pendleton, Ind.; Vivian Gambrell, Baltimore, Md.; Ann Frager, St. Louis, Mo.; Leona Megill, Belmar, N. J.; W. A. Roseberry, Fort Wayne, Ind.; A. C. Farmer, Cincinnati, Ohio; Terese Missig, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Audrey N. Weatherill, Northampton, Mass.

Claire F. Reynolds, New York Mills, Minn.; Mae W. Weider, Rochester, N. Y.; J. G. Magnuson, Huntington Park, Calif.; Mildred Haynes, Superior, Wis.; Annie Skov, Fresno, Calif.; Madeline Murphy, Bronx, N. Y.; Vera Vanselow, Springfield, Ill.; Maxine E. Schultz, San Jose, Calif.; Emily H. Johnson, Seattle, Wash.; Gillmore E. Osborne, St. John, Kan.; Mary Blubaugh, Alliance, Ohio; Mrs. Beryl Van Zylen, Grand Haven, Mich.; Simon Reece, Philadelphia, Pa.; Evelyn Stahl, St. Louis, Mo.; Cora Lee Bolden, New York, N. Y.; Charlotte Beckelman, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Castle Crain, Redfield, S. D.; Alice C. Keating, Memphis, Tenn.; Mrs. M. Scheuing, Dallas, Tex.; Fannie Allen, Lake Providence, La.; Bud Kelly, Colonial Manor, N. J.; Mrs. Edna Curtis, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. Carter Wilson, Nashville, Tenn.; Jean Paris, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Albert Manski, Boston, Mass.; Mary Ellen St. John, Cincinnati, Ohio; Pauline A. Harmon, Oshkosh, Wis.; Elizabeth G. Schlippert, Williamsport, Pa.; Phyllis G. Hawkins, Indianapolis, Ind.; Hal Lefevre, Toledo, Ohio; Margaret Torhan, Yonkers, N. Y.; Lorraine Roberta Chambers, West Palm Beach, Fla.

Mrs. Bernice Luttmer, Portland, Ore.; Verna Grady, Minneapolis, Minn.; Mrs. E. Rowell Holt, Charlotte, N. C.; Charles B. Mullen, Greenville, Miss.; Helen Kulion, Paterson, N. J.; E. Kennedy, St. Paul, Minn.; Julia Friedman, Bethlehem, Pa.; Esther C. Young, Kenosha, Wis.; Mrs. James W. Mitchell, Martins Ferry, Ohio; Lillian R. Hart, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mrs. Katherine Jacobi, Tonawanda, N. Y.; Hildegard H. Miller, Cleveland, Ohio; Mrs. Margy Pauer, Los Angeles, Calif.; Hazel R. Warmkessel, New Brighton, Pa.; Mrs. F. W. Walden, Coffeyville, Kan.

Catherine Otten, St. Louis, Mo.; Lawrence Gates, Columbus, Ohio; Mrs. Joseph Schutte, Cincinnati, Ohio; Inez Daniels, Denver, Colo.; Kathleen Galpin, Aurora, Ill.; Mrs. Hazel Tallman, Omaha, Neb.; Frances Hirdler, Minneapolis, Minn.; Elizabeth K. Haiston, Hanover, Pa.; Dora Mae Rudd, Cedar Rapids, Iowa; Mary M. Lydick, South Bend, Ind.; Louise Shackelford, Atlanta, Ga.; Edith M. Weidman, Dallas, Tex.; Lillian Kopf, Louisville, Ky.; Mrs. Pearl Schweber, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Clinton Coad, Toronto, Ont.; John F. Byrnes, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mrs. R. E. Van Horn, Dayton, Ohio; Emma Roth, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mabel Pence, Cincinnati, Ohio; John F. Rogers, West Barrington, R. I.; Rena Grace Coulter, Buffalo, N. Y.; Mrs. J. F. Irwin, Washington Court House, Ohio; O. H. Schlosser, Oakland, Calif.; Joseph Kocik, Niagara Falls, N. Y.; Ruth E. Marshall, Grand Rapids, Mich.; Dorothy E. Sample, Buffalo, N. Y.; Vincent G. Zenkel, Rochester, N. Y.; R. R. Crigler, Stockton, Calif.; Alan Ross, Los Angeles, Calif.; Henrietta Kirby, Norwood, Minn.; Hannah Marie Shepard, Los Angeles, Calif.

Max Fox, Jr., Lancaster, Pa.; Mrs. Hoke Smith Dame, Atlanta, Ga.; F. M. Osborne, Springfield, Ohio; Irene Gurly, Hollywood, Calif.; James Lappin, Jr., Little Neck, N. Y.; Sarah Frishman, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Berrie Bellamy, San Francisco, Calif.; Fannie Livingston, St. Louis, Mo.; Mrs. M. F. Swallow, Oakland, Calif.; Zelda Hoover, Canton, Ohio; Jean Krupman, Cleveland, Ohio; Lucile Van Buskirk, Fort Wayne, Ind.; Mrs. William H. Mills, Metuchen, N. J.; Elise A. Meyer, Augusta, Ga.; Sarah Kimball, Lincoln, Neb.

Florence J. Drill, Philadelphia, Pa.; Norah McDonald, Minneapolis, Minn.; Louise Riddle, Pomona, Calif.; Harriet Young, Los Angeles, Calif.; Catherine Flanagan, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Bessie Varon, Los Angeles, Calif.; L. Crooker, Winnipeg, Man.; Dorothy Steputis, Dayton, Ohio; L. A. Uhlhorn, Baltimore, Md.; R. N. Harvey, Quebec, P. Q.; Pearl Ellerman, Saint Marys, Ohio; Betty C. Schmitt, Altoona, Pa.; James Gwaltney, Shawnee, Okla.; Irene C. Delap, Dayton, Ohio; Dorothy E. Lusk, Los Angeles, Calif.

THE CORRECT IDENTIFICATIONS

AUGUST 13
William Powell **Joan Crawford**
Clark Gable

AUGUST 20
Jack Oakie **Tallulah Bankhead**
Stan Laurel

AUGUST 27
Harold Lloyd **Thelma Todd**
Jimmie Durante

SEPTEMBER 3
Chic Sale **Paul Lukas**
Zasu Pitts

SEPTEMBER 10
Oliver Hardy **Minna Gombell**
Fredric March

SEPTEMBER 17
Joan Marsh **Buster Keaton**
Elissa Landi

SEPTEMBER 24
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. **Ann Harding**
Maurice Chevalier

OCTOBER 1
Clive Brook **Irene Dunne**
Sally Eilers

OCTOBER 8
Madge Evans **Richard Dix**
Jeanette MacDonald

OCTOBER 15
Matty Kemp **Eric Linden**
Maureen O'Sullivan

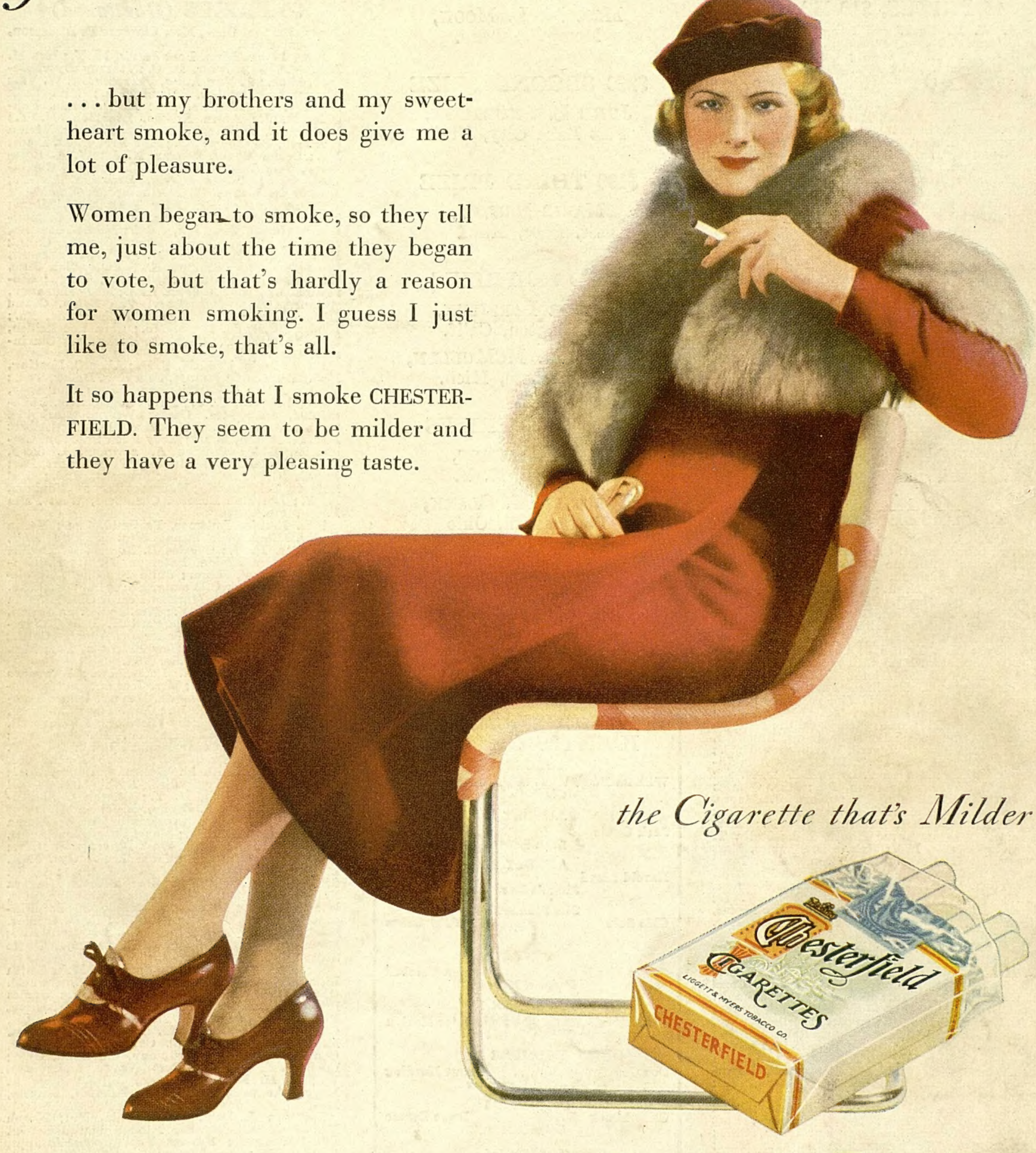
ANNOUNCEMENT OF WISE-CRACK, CANNIBAL AND MISSIONARY, AND WHOPPER CONTEST WINNERS SOON

I really don't know if I should smoke . . .

. . . but my brothers and my sweetheart smoke, and it does give me a lot of pleasure.

Women began to smoke, so they tell me, just about the time they began to vote, but that's hardly a reason for women smoking. I guess I just like to smoke, that's all.

It so happens that I smoke CHESTERFIELD. They seem to be milder and they have a very pleasing taste.


Chesterfield
CIGARETTES
LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.
CHESTERFIELD

the Cigarette that's Milder

the Cigarette that Tastes Better

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